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MR. MACDONALD, reporting to the House of Commons on his visit to Washington, was bound to be somewhat elusive; but within the limits of official discretion he was rather more informative than he is wont to be. He gave, at any rate, a strong hint that the United States is now likely to be prepared for a settlement of War Debts which stands a chance of acceptance in Europe; and most of his hearers concluded that he and Mr. Roosevelt had already agreed upon the broad lines of a settlement, to be put into final form during the World Economic Conference, though not as part of its proceedings. But we are still in the dark about the terms of this projected settlement; and we do not even know whether the Americans are expecting us to pay up again on June 15th. Most people have drawn the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt means to get authority from Congress to declare a moratorium on War Debt payments at the opening of the World Conference, with the acceptance of a Tariff Truce by Europe as an immediate *quid pro quo*. But it is not clear whether the U.S.A. still demands payment by France of last December's instalment, over which the French Chamber shows no sign of giving way.

The U.S.A. and Gold

Mr. Roosevelt, in the meantime, continues to pile up powers which he may or may not intend to use to the full. There is much uncertainty over the real meaning of his insistence on a return to stable exchange rates based on a restored international monetary standard. If, as is widely held, the United States means to reduce the gold content of the dollar, is it expected that other countries will be able to stay on the gold standard, or to go back to it, at the level of gold value at which their currencies stood before the United States went off gold? Or is devaluation regarded in America as the first step towards a devaluation of currencies over the whole world? If America devaluates, it will be exceedingly difficult for other countries not to follow suit; there is nothing in the international economic position of America to justify a fall in the value of her money in relation to other currencies. American devaluation seems then to involve general devaluation; but this cannot be carried through, or an international standard restored in any form, until it is known how far American devaluation is to go. We shall therefore be surprised if it is possible to secure in the near future any agreed return to the gold standard; and certainly we in this country cannot afford to pledge ourselves to a return to gold at any fixed level until we know far more definitely what America means to do, even if we could afford it then, which is itself a matter of grave doubt.

Germany and Disarmament

Dr. Rosenberg, who is Hitler's right-hand man in foreign affairs, has come to London with the twofold object of gauging British public opinion and of securing our sympathy for the new German regime. He should have no difficulty about the first. The second he is not

likely to achieve unless there is a decided change in Nazi policy. What Dr. Rosenberg has been told in his interviews at the Foreign Office we do not know; but it is no secret that he heard some plain speaking from Mr. Norman Davis about the views of America. How a country runs its domestic affairs is, in our present world, supposed to be no concern of others. Its behaviour to its neighbours is another matter, and it is idle to pretend that the Nazi regime is not a ground for serious alarm in Europe. Herr Hitler assures us of his peaceful intentions, but he and his friends are rousing a war spirit up and down the country by every means in their power. And at this moment the German delegation at Geneva, voicing presumably the mind of the Nazi Government, appears to be destroying the last chances of an agreement on disarmament. On the face of them, some of Herr Nadolny's contentions may be just; it is at any rate understandable why he objects to the proposed change of the present Reichswehr into a standardised short-service militia. But behind the arguments it is only too easy to see something that is not a desire for peace. Does Germany want a general reduction of armaments? Or does she merely want freedom to rearm herself? That is the question which everyone is asking, and to which the rulers of Germany have given no satisfactory answer.

The New German Culture

On the home front in Germany there is no change. The dragooning of the country, proscription and persecution continue, ruthlessly and methodically; and this week the death-blow has been dealt to the Social Democratic Party by the confiscation of all its funds and properties. We hope it is true that Captain Göring is taking steps to curb the excesses of the Storm Troops and other hotheads; but this is a rumour which as yet wants confirmation. Economic remedies for the popular discontents are still in the clouds. Pending their arrival on the earth, attention is focused on the cultural development of the "Corporative State." Dr. Frick, the Minister of the Interior, has just expounded the Nazi ideals of education. The corrupting influence of "liberalism" is to be swept away. The schools and the universities are to inculcate devotion to the State—the true German State. History in particular must concentrate on the heroism of the German people and the villainy of their enemies, on the fundamental principles of race and the necessity of keeping the purity of the German blood. It must also impress on the Germans in Germany that there are millions of Germans outside Germany who ought to be united in the ancestral family. This enchaining of culture is, of course, no new idea; we have seen it in Fascist Italy and in Communist Russia—though in Russia it is designed to subserve any Communistic and not nationalistic ends. But the Nazi version, with its irredentism, its fanatical racialism, and its incitement to militarism, threatens political trouble abroad as well as intellectual damage at home.

The Nazis in Austria

In Austria, Fascist is fighting Fascist. The Government has infuriated the Nazis by prohibiting the wearing of their uniform, and by the dissolution of their student societies. There have been some violent conflicts, in which not only police truncheons and fire-hoses but the bayonets of the Heimwehr (the governmental "defence force") have been used. For the moment the Government is top dog, but its position is precarious, and the Nazis' power is growing day by day. They are getting active encouragement from Germany, so active indeed as to elicit angry protest from the Austrian side. This coming week-end will see the visit of several Nazi big-wigs from Prussia and Bavaria to Vienna—a visit which the *Reichspost*, the Austrian Government organ, describes as "an unfriendly act." The German press hits back at this "monstrous insult," and presumes that Austrian Ministers will not wish to identify themselves with such an attitude. As to that, whatever they may wish, it is exceedingly unlikely that they will dare to raise any objection. The ostensible object of the visitors is to join in a celebration of the final defeat of the Turks in Austria 200 years or so ago. Actually, it may be safely assumed, they will be less interested in the past than in the present and the future—or, in plain words, the Nazification of Austria and the *Anschluss*. In that they will have not only Dr. Dolfuss, but Signor Mussolini, to reckon with.

Russia and Japan

The Soviet Government, faced with difficulties within and anxieties without, has been busy making unto itself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Good relations with Poland have been confirmed, the Italian commercial treaty has been renewed, and the behaviour of the Nazis has not been allowed to dissolve the bonds that were forged between Russia and Germany at Rafallo in 1922 and Berlin in 1926. All this is a good insurance against being embroiled in war as well as against loss of trade. On the other side of the world, Japan is a far more awkward customer to deal with, and it looks as if she is going to get very much the best of the bargain over the Chinese Eastern Railway. She will certainly not pay the sum the Russians are said to have asked, and she may succeed in obtaining what she wants without paying anything at all. The offer to sell, involving a transgression of treaty rights and obligations, and the recognition of Manchukuo, has naturally upset the Chinese. It has also annoyed the French bondholders whose capital was invested in the building of the railway. Some of the supporters of the League of Nations can honestly claim to be shocked; others, who have condoned Japan's aggression in Manchuria and brought the League itself into derision, certainly cannot. If and when Russia does lose the railway, her position at Vladivostok and on the whole Siberian seaboard will be seriously weakened. The prospects of the new Japanese Empire are indeed bright. First China, then Russia, then some more China, and then—whose turn next?

The Government and the Congress

The Government of India, while wisely releasing Mr. Gandhi, has missed a valuable opportunity by its curt refusal to accept his offer of a truce. Acceptance would have been logical as well as politic. The Congress is still potentially the most important political party in India, and its members, especially those who are detained without trial, should have a chance of meeting and discussing the White Paper. If Mr. Gandhi survives his fast the Government of India seems to have left him no alternative

except to revive civil disobedience. One cannot treat political leaders, trusted by millions of their fellow countrymen, as if they were little children who must promise to be good before they are recognised. Equally, if Mr. Gandhi does not survive, or if he accepts Mr. Patel's suggestion and "abdicates," his successor will be forced to consolidate his position by inaugurating some violent form of agitation. This latest move from Simla is part of Lord Willingdon's deliberate policy of treating the Congress movement as negligible, a view which is not supported by any intelligent Indian opinion, even amongst those most hostile to Mr. Gandhi and the civil disobedience movement. The result of this flouting of public opinion will be seen at the first elections under the new Act.

Another Armament Scandal

The activities of armament firms are always shrouded with a veil of secrecy. When this veil is lifted as in the sensational Skoda affair in Rumania, bribery, corruption and espionage are exposed amongst the methods of stimulating and obtaining orders. Developments in this affair in which Seletzki, Skoda's official representative in Rumania, was found to be in possession of certain military secrets of the Rumanian Government, bring to light the "generosity" of the armament maker to those people who could be useful to his firm. Seletzki's notebook contained a number of illuminating entries :

> Tickets for a Dance to the sum of 100,000 lei taken from Mrs. X whose husband, Mr. X, will be used by us some day.
>
> Support of the Institution Z whose Director, Mr. Y, is related to certain persons who can be of interest to us.

Other documents showed, according to Dr. Lupu, who exposed the affair, that of one order given by the Rumanian Government to Skoda amounting to 15 milliards lei, nearly 4 milliards lei were paid in bribes by the Skoda works. One Minister received 600 millions, another 400, a third 25 million lei, for services rendered. The Skoda Works has promised to assist in the decoding of letters and documents referring to the people to whom payments were made, but so far the decoding has only applied to sums paid, and to the "little presents" given by Seletzki, whilst names have been given only in the case of servants in unimportant jobs. Meanwhile the debate in the Rumanian Parliament becomes more and more rowdy as new charges incriminating high military and Government officials come to light.

The Trade Agreements

The criticism of Mr. Runciman's new trade agreements comes from two groups not often found in association—the extreme Protectionists, who object to anything that ties our hands against imposing fresh tariffs and embargoes, and the rigid Free Traders, who dislike quantitative regulation of the volume of imports even more than they dislike tariffs. In the present Parliament critics of the second kind are, of course, helpless; and the loudest noise is made by the extreme Protectionists. But Major Elliot seems to have taken the wind out of their sails by getting for his policy, and Mr. Runciman's, the backing of the National Farmers' Union, which has been assured by him that he has kept his hands free to impose all the quantitative regulations likely to be needed by the British producers, and convinced that, in face of unstable currencies, this will be for the present the most effective form of protection, at any rate for agriculture. That will not satisfy the industrial Protectionists, who put their trust chiefly in tariffs, and are all in a flutter at the prospect of a Tariff Truce which will check their triumphant career just as they are warming up nicely.

The Unemployment Figures

The seasonal improvement in employment is a good deal more marked this spring than it was last year, thanks mainly to a substantial revival of activity in the building trades. There is, unfortunately, no corresponding sign of revival in other industries. There the improvement is no more than the expected seasonal rise. We may, of course, rejoice that we are not going downhill so fast as a good many other countries, and that the mere check to the decline is having some stimulating effect. But we must not rejoice too much. We have to bear in mind that the new factor of world currency instability arising from the depreciation of the dollar has not yet had time to produce any effect; and accordingly we cannot afford to place too much reliance on a relatively small upward turn in employment which is mainly seasonal, concentrated largely on one industry, and may prove to be merely temporary. All we can say is that building is beginning to rally from the knock-down blow it received after the crisis of 1931, and that this is a good sign of the readiness of industry to respond if the right stimulus can be supplied. It remains as true as ever that this stimulus can come from only two sources—a recovery in world conditions, and an active policy of expansion through public expenditure on capital services.

Three Supplements

The next three issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will each include a Special Supplement. May 20 will be devoted to Spring Books. May 27 will contain an Insurance Supplement, while Mr. S. P. B. Mais is editing a British Travel Supplement for June 3.

In taking part, very much in our own way, in the "Come to Britain" movement, we have no intention of emulating the guide books and literature which overseas visitors may buy by the cwt. at any bookstall or even collect for nothing from travel agencies. The aim of Mr. Mais's Supplement will be to provide the intelligent overseas visitor (and for that matter home readers as well) with useful suggestions about developments and experiments in the social, cultural and scientific life of Great Britain and Ireland. The Supplement, for instance, will contain articles dealing with tendencies in English architecture and English drama as well as with English transport and the English climate. It will discuss experiments in the distressed areas (where Mr. Mais's knowledge, as wireless listeners know, is singularly comprehensive), as well as with the various efforts made to preserve the beauty of the English country-side.

It will try to tell people the kind of things which we should ourselves want to know before visiting a foreign country.

Outside our circulation abroad we want to send a complimentary copy of this Travel Supplement to groups and associations likely to organise parties of visitors, or individual friends likely to be coming to England. Readers must all have in mind the names of suitable overseas friends, and we shall be glad if they will send as many names and addresses and suggestions as possible.

CAN ENGLAND ESCAPE?

THE greatest event of the nineteenth century in England, Mr. Chesterton once said, was the revolution which did not happen. Will the future historian say the same thing of twentieth century England? It may be so. We may succeed in changing our economic system without catastrophe and we may once again modify out-of-date political institutions by a commonsense compromise as we did in 1832. Great continental upheavals usually have less violent reflections in this country, and our traditions justify us in hoping that England will emerge from a revolutionary era with more achieved at a smaller cost than some other nations where both action and reaction commonly take more extreme forms. But the argument from national character and national tradition is dangerous, and the ordinary British citizen is beginning to wonder whether we shall on this occasion muddle through without disaster. Before the advent of Hitler, Fascist brawls in Piccadilly would have been treated as a joke; to-day with Brown shirts, Black shirts, Red shirts, and Blue shirts imposing their uniformity all over the Continent, people have begun to ask whether England is likely almost alone to retain her liberal diversity of striped spring shirtings.

We shall only avoid panic and take the steps necessary to avoid Fascism if we understand the circumstances which foster its birth. First we must take account of the special forces working in Germany which do not apply in this country. Germany had suffered the agonies of blockade and defeat; she was prepared for militarism, not only by old traditions, easily revived in the appropriate circumstances, but by the folly of the Versailles Treaty, by fifteen years "humiliation," and by the refusal of the Allies to make just concessions to reasonable and pacific statesmen like Stresemann and Brüning. All this has made Hitler's task easy. But the root of Fascism is economic and the economic causes are here, only in a less severe degree than they were in Germany. When capitalism fails to provide work and to distribute the goods it produces, when millions of young people (of the middle as well as of the working class) see no future for themselves or for their country, any romantic appeal is better than none. Hence the development of both Communism and Fascism. But in this country we can rule out Communism as a serious factor. The wildest and most optimistic Communist has never hoped for success in Great Britain except as a result of a war, which would arm the proletariat, or as a tail-piece to a Communist revolution in Central Europe. As against the Communist, the Fascist has all the trumps in his hand. While Communism has all the armed resources of the State against it, Fascism is likely to be more or less openly supported by the more adventurous among conservative politicians, and it receives from its inception large sums of money from great industrialists. Therefore it can pay its supporters in cash as well as in promises. Fascism is a phase in the class-war which Marx did not anticipate, and its technique is already well advanced. The Fascist has learnt to steal the thunder of the Left. He denounces a banking system which reduces the purchasing power of the many for the benefit of particular vested interests, and rallies young people against the old parties which cling to old forms and seem helpless in the face of new evils. The Fascist talks of a planned economy and calls for constitutional changes which will transform a Parliamentary system, originally devised for the curbing of the Executive, into a body capable of giving efficient support to a Government bent on swift action. Superficially all this is common ground between Fascism and Left-wing Socialism. Beneath is a fundamental cleavage. Fascism, subsidised by great industrialists, cannot, if it would, do more than change the surface of the economic system. Its lasting appeal is not to the proletariat, part of which is temporarily seduced by the glamour of action and the offer of payment, but to the middle class whose interests it really represents; and its basic philosophy is therefore not egalitarianism but authoritarianism, not internationalism but patriotism at its crudest and most aggressive. Its life, if it comes to power, must be devoted, not to the attempt to distribute wealth more justly (though it may incidentally attack some vested interests), but to the retention in power of a propertied class by a policy of ruthless violence, combined with an appeal to the basest forms of jingoism. Therefore, Fascism accretes to itself the most absurd doctrines—in Italy the restoration of the ancient Empire of the Romans, and in Germany the wickedness of the Jews, the subservience of women and the racial purity of the conquering Nordic man.

Absurd enough certainly, says the Englishman, but we in England have too much political experience ever to be led away by such preposterous romanticism. In part that is no doubt true. But it should be remembered that only three years ago Germany laughed at Hitler as we in England laugh to-day when Sir Oswald Mosley and Mr. Doran, M.P. and the official Fascists (the one genuine old-established firm) quarrel about which of them really can count on the support of two men and a dog in emergency. To-day Fascist propaganda is very actively at work in the public schools and universities; there is drilling and marching and the practice of arms. None of this will matter, none of it will come to anything given economic recovery. None of it need matter in any case if any responsible party in the State puts forward a programme and offers a leadership in which the young and the workless can put their trust.

It is sometimes said that the danger of Fascism comes from the violent and revolutionary talk of the Labour movement. That is to misconceive the whole problem. Hitler rode to power not because his opponents were dangerous, but because they were hopelessly weak and disunited. No party could have been more moderate, more constitutional, more fearful of being provocative than the Social Democrats, and no party had been so vehemently abused by the Communists. Because, while professedly Socialists, the official leaders never for a moment looked like Socialists accomplishing Socialism, millions of voters who might have supported them despaired of peaceful change and became Communists or Fascists. That is the danger in England too. Responsible leaders, who know the value of liberty, are fearful of the risks of change, and because they are timid, the task of effecting the inevitable change may fall into the hands of the intolerant and the irresponsible. Thus, to take one example, it has to-day become obvious to everyone in the Labour movement and in the advanced section of the Liberal Party as well, that the task of economic reconstruction which we all

know to be necessary, cannot be carried out with the full ceremonies of the leisurely days of Parliament in the nineteenth century. Liberals as well as Socialists have long been telling us that our Parliamentary institutions in their present form are not efficient instruments of democracy. The National Government, faced with an emergency, did not hesitate to use emergency powers and used them incidentally, to transform the entire fiscal system of this country. Now what have the recognised leaders of Labour to say when they are called upon to reply to the Fascist attack on democracy? Rightly anxious to safeguard our liberties, they insist on their constitutionalism and their moderation. By thus being forced into a defensive position they play into the enemy's hands. Their true reply is to show that revolution is unnecessary. They should announce their Socialist programme boldly and explain what constitutional changes will be necessary to enable them to carry it out without revolution. Unless they can convince their supporters that they mean business and are capable of coping with the emergency which must arise when they come into office, thousands of young men and women who are their potential followers will drift into the political disillusion and apathy which is the breeding ground of Fascism.

Hitler has given us warning, and it will be our fault if we ever allow Fascism to lift its ugly head in this country. Perhaps the tragedy of Germany will remind us of the value of liberty. The spirit of Liberalism has been too long asleep: perhaps Hitler will awaken it. But if Socialists in England are to seize their great opportunity of championing civil liberty and democracy, they must not confuse the realities with the ancient forms, and they must conceive of their policy as a crusade and convince their followers of its hopefulness. Liberty dies when men lose hope of victory through reason.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S TWO MONTHS

IF no American President save Abraham Lincoln ever took office in so serious a national crisis, or faced as many grave national and international problems as has Franklin D. Roosevelt, none other is to be credited with such an extraordinary list of achievements within the brief period of two months. Since he took office on March 4th he has driven measure after measure through Congress, and is within sight of finishing up the whole of his revolutionary legislative programme and of sending Congress home in June to remain there until December. He has now been clothed with absolutely dictatorial powers over the nation's agriculture, banking, and currency, in addition to having received authority to make over the departments of the Government, to shape the budget himself, and to determine pension appropriations and the amount of civil and military salaries down to the last dollar. It rests with him alone to decide to what extent shall be carried the inflation now certain to come and what shall be the gold content of the dollar—a power of which Congress has never before divested itself, the constitutionality of which is more than doubtful despite the President's opinion to the contrary. He has announced—with the partial approval of the business world—that he will propose far-reaching socialistic governmental control of industry which will regulate the hours and conditions of labour and put an end to "cut-throat competition," apparently without regard for State rights. The President's own description of his policy is not Government control, but "a partnership in planning, and seeing that plans are carried out." Finally, he has won for himself in this short time the regard and support, yes, one might truthfully say the adoration, of the great masses of the American people. Again there is no precedent since Lincoln.

Mr. Roosevelt was, of course, doubly fortunate in taking office after the failure of Mr. Hoover, the only American President who has been publicly booed and hissed, not once but on a number of occasions. Mr. Roosevelt at once appeared more vital and vigorous in his personality, far more courageous, and franker and clearer in his vision, besides being far more winning in his appeals, especially over the radio. His warm, sincere and well-bred voice, with an ingratiating quality of friendliness, has entered the homes of millions to make them feel that he is a confidential friend and ally who had singled out each of his listeners to hear his story. His public utterances have been simple and direct, straightforward, and at times of genuine literary distinction. What has been even a greater surprise, however, is that instead of being rather hesitating, slow to decide upon policies, and distinctly of a compromising type, as when he was Governor of New York, in these last months Mr. Roosevelt has shown remarkable readiness of decision, vigour of leadership, and enough resourcefulness to make many of us who have known him long and well ask ourselves if this is the same man.

It may be recalled, however, that when the President took office practically all the banks in the United States were closed and he himself at once declared a complete holiday for all banks. This was his second great advantage in taking office—his coming in at a moment when the whole attention of the American people was fastened upon the Government and its new Executive, in circumstances which made necessary the most drastic action possible. Within twenty-four hours Congress validated his acts and made him absolute dictator over American finance and banking. His second emergency message was a direct attack upon the veterans' lobby which, ever since the World War, had dominated Congress and obtained some six hundred million dollars of unnecessary benefits annually. Congress responded immediately, yielding its heretofore unchallenged constitutional right to specify to the last cent how each appropriation shall be expended, and also gave him the right to reorganise the various departments, commissions and bureaux, with the result that he has already cut $1,000,000,000 from the Federal budget, which is now, for the first time in three years, within $120,000,000 of being balanced. The President has also been able to defy the all-powerful military and naval lobbies in Washington which under Mr. Hoover refused to permit any cuts in their budgets; he is planning to place three thousand army officers on permanent half-pay.

Next Mr. Roosevelt obtained from Congress legislation of the sale of beer and the submission of the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution to the several States. His fourth proposal, also immediately voted, authorised him to enlist up to 250,000 workers in a civilian conservation corps to be used on the forestry reservations, for flood control and similar projects. His fifth special message within eight days demanded the emergency Farm Relief Bill, which has now been passed with the currency inflation rider, which measure gives him "absolute control of the distribution of food from field to fork." It is a law which will cost the consumers $800,000,000 a year and establishes the dangerous principle of direct subsidies to farmers. He then demanded and received the first direct appropriation, one of $500,000,000 to be disbursed to the States for unemployment relief, previous grants having taken the form of loans or advances.

Next the President asked for authority to re-finance agricultural mortgages by means of an issue of $2,000,000,000 worth of 4 per cent. bonds with the interest guaranteed by the Government. In obtaining his bill for his Tennessee River—Muscle Shoals Dam project President Roosevelt inaugurated a vital change in governmental policy. The Government is to create and distribute electric current direct to the individual consumer, a policy which the President obstinately refused to adopt while dealing as Governor with similar problems in the

State of New York. His eleventh special message demanded the creation of a Home Owners' Loan Corporation to protect small home owners from foreclosure and excessive interest charges, and he has also obtained (from the House of Representatives by a unanimous *viva voce* vote) a bill safeguarding investors largely on the model of the English Companies Act. He has also received authority to permit State banks, not members of the Federal Reserve system, to obtain new currency by direct borrowing from the Federal Reserve system. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt has asked for a Federal "co-ordinator" to promote or compel action by the railways to avoid waste and duplication of service, and to bring about financial reorganisation. This measure is avowedly temporary, as the President has promised "a more permanent and more comprehensive national transportation policy" for submission to Congress next year. The thirty-hour week Bill, which is coupled with the proposal for a complete reorganisation of the economic life of the country, is now apparently to wait until the next session of Congress.

There remains the great question whether the President will demand and obtain from Congress in preparation for the International Economic Conference the authority to cut American tariffs up to fifty per cent. and the right to remit the June instalments of the foreign debts. Here opposition to his programme has greatly stiffened and the leaders of Congress have just served notice upon him that his party followers will not stand for these proposals. Unless the President obtains this authority it is hard to see what good the United States can accomplish at the conference except in the direction of currency stabilisation and the termination of the present international war of debased currencies. He has been in part so successful with Congress because he has thus far withheld all of his vast patronage beyond the filling of essential positions. He cannot continue this policy indefinitely; nor can he hope in the long run to hold his party in such complete subservience, or to retain the adoration of the American people, unless the general economic conditions improve. As to this there are some encouraging signs, notably in the steel and iron industries and increased car-loadings. He has himself just stated over the radio the correct belief that the United States cannot hope to work its way out of this unprecedented depression except through international co-operation. His procedure, as I have said, is now in doubt. But if Congress will not give him the authority to co-operate he will find himself in a difficult position indeed, and may be compelled to go over its head to the people themselves, by means of the radio.

The astounding thing about this record of the new President is that it was not only entirely unforeseen when Mr. Roosevelt took office, but that its radicalism is in no wise authorised by the party platform adopted by the Democratic Convention that nominated him in June of last year. In a twinkling of an eye Mr. Roosevelt has transformed his conservative party, without the authorisation of any convention or council of party leaders, into one with distinctly radical leanings. It is not only that the sacred American doctrine of "rugged individualism" has been completely discarded, but that this proposed lurch into State socialism, and the abandonment of the historic policy of upholding competition and preventing the dominating of industrial life by trusts or price agreements, has been so entirely without previous study or careful popular education. There was no indication in a single one of Mr. Roosevelt's pre-election or post-election speeches to show that he would even remotely countenance so radical a reorganisation of our social and industrial life as he now contemplates. In ordinary times his proposals would have met with tremendous opposition from the privileged classes, the great business interests, and the millionaire-owned dailies of the great cities. Some of the last are fulminating against Mr. Roosevelt, but the leading captains of industry and the great financiers are powerless to protest because they are utterly discredited in the eyes of the public. Every step that the President takes against them will bring him the enthusiastic approval of the Western multitudes who for a good sixty years have been crying out against Wall Street, the money power, and the plutocrats. It is true that the United States Chamber of Commerce, one of our most conservative business organisations, which even a year ago would have wished to lock up anyone who proposed, as does Mr. Roosevelt now, to make the Government completely dominant in the field of industry and finance, has just applauded the President's address at its Washington meeting. It appears, however, from the despatches that what they have chiefly approved is the proposal that the Anti-Trust laws shall be done away with and all competition ended within the several branches of industry.

So astute a politician as President Roosevelt is undoubtedly quite aware that other Americans, notably Woodrow Wilson, have also been raised to the highest pinnacle of popular esteem only to crash to earth with a proportionate speed. If existing conditions continue for another year without substantial alteration, the public disillusionment will be enormous and will be vented upon the man to whom they have given their complete faith and trust. Already the leaders of the radical Farmers' Holiday Association, representing some of the farmers in thirty-four States, have served notice that they are dissatisfied with the President's farm relief measures, and, beginning on May 14th, will inaugurate a farmers' strike "to starve the country into giving us what we want," and one-third of the State of Iowa is under martial law.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
(Proprietor and Contributing Editor of the New York *Nation*)

BALLYHOOSTON

THE *Times* as an institution resembles one of those tyrannous domestic pets—dogs, parrots or superannuated governesses—whose decorous comicality inspires the whole household with ironical affection. Such creatures have their lapses. After forty years the parrot lays an egg or the governess goes nudist. But the *Times*, we thought, could always be depended on. We were mistaken. The old girl has been seduced by Ballyhoo.

The symptoms began in January. On the 11th of that month Lord Peel wrote an article which asseverated that the Houston Mount Everest expedition would "pass over what is virtually unknown country. No surveying party has even attempted to map it." Lord Peel was presumably unaware that the Indian Survey had already published a map of the whole of Nepal, which gives the contours of the area on a scale of four miles to an inch, and that in order to produce this Government surveyors proceeded as far as the Dingboche monastery, which lies no more than eight miles to the south-west of the peak. This inaccuracy was noticed, but no correction, as far as I have seen, appeared in the *Times*. During the ensuing months the scientific novelty and importance of the expedition were reiterated in a spate of articles and despatches, until on April 4th the success of the first flight was announced in type and language which, though common enough in Fleet Street, have seldom emerged from the genteel seclusion of Printing House Square.

Thenceforth the seduction became an orgy, whose grosser details it is painful to recall. As though to support the theory of an important addition to the field of human knowledge, it was revealed that letters had been carried over Everest addressed to H.M. the King, the Prince of Wales, the Editor of the *Times*, and the golden godmother, Lady Houston. These letters, it is believed, have since reached England by ordinary mail. What earth-shaking secrets—or sentiments—they may have contained has not been divulged. But of the hardships inseparable from scientific triumphs of this kind, an article on May 6th describing the life of the mechanics at Purnea gave a harrowing account: "One night they had to wait until 10.30 for their dinner; another time the caterer forgot the bread; and one morning there was no milk for breakfast tea. *But the work went steadily on.*" (Italics ours.) These excruciating sufferings were happily brought to an end by the second flight of April 20th, which "may well be described by historians of great achievements as a magnificent

piece of insubordination." It has also been described, by those familiar with Everest, as having been due to the expedition's very natural doubts as to whether the first flight had, on second thoughts, been successful after all.

That the aeroplanes did at one time or another fly over the summit of Everest may be regarded as certain. But that laughter in informed circles should have followed upon scepticism was only natural in view of the insobriety and ineptitude of the expedition's publicists. For when the photographs taken on the first flight were printed, it was immediately evident that the escarpments over which the aeroplanes had circled lowest belonged neither to Everest nor even to one and the same peak.

Lt.-Colonel E. L. Strutt, editor of the *Alpine Journal* and second in command of the Everest 1922 expedition, supported by Lt.-Colonel Kenneth Mason, late of the Indian Survey and now Professor of Geography at Oxford, communicates the following re-identification of the first pictures, basing his arguments, apart from personal knowledge, on a comparison of existing photographs which makes them obvious even to the novice. The frontispiece of the earlier *Times* supplement, described as "the awe-inspiring summit of Everest as seen slightly from the north-west, is actually the peak of Makalu, 27,790 feet, looking along the north-west arete. On page iii the picture at the top, said to be of Everest "looking along the climbers' path," shows in fact an unnamed peak about 24,000 feet high which lies to the west of Mount Pethangtse. Both these peaks having been described as Everest, despite their obvious difference in character, a third and equally different one is also shown on page iii and is also entitled Everest. This, it is thought, may actually be Everest. But definite identification is rendered difficult, since the photographer, in this case as in many others, has allowed a large piece of the aeroplane to encroach on the picture and at the same time has failed to secure more than half the possible area below the peak.

The later supplement of May 8th, representing the effort of the second flight, displays more coherent results. In the frontispiece, an aeroplane is seen approaching a mountain which is undoubtedly Everest—though whether it ever got there the remaining pictures do not disclose. The other photographs consist mainly of panoramas, such as might be taken from many parts of Nepal on a fine day with a telephoto lens. But at the bottom of page iii there does appear one showing the glacier formations to the South of Everest, which alone, of all those so far published, may claim to have revealed formations previously unknown and to possess some interest for the scientific geographer.

No one will wish to deny the courage of those who took part in the flights. But to see the spirit of adventure written up for the enjoyment of sensation-lovers is always unpleasant. And when this leads, however unwittingly, to misstatements the very reverse of scientific, the spectacle becomes revolting. There are other photographs to come, and the film. Let us hope that the *Times*, after its night on the tiles, may have developed a morning-after remorse by the time the further results are collated, and may treat them with respect and proportion. Our national household would not be the same without its tyrannous old pet. And one lapse can always be forgiven.

CHOMOLHARI

A LONDON DIARY

HERE are a few recent examples of the methods used by the Nazis to persuade us that nothing unpleasant is happening in Germany. Two Englishmen with friends in Germany have recently received letters complaining of the lies and calumnies appearing in England about the Hitler Terror. The letters were compared and found to be couched in identical and obviously dictated languages. An editor of a London periodical was last week rung up by his correspondent in Germany and told a glowing story of the excellence of the new regime and warned against believing stories of Nazi cruelty. The next day (after the paper had gone to press with the correspondent's story in it) the Editor was again rung up, this time from Holland. The correspondent explained that he had managed to get over the frontier and wanted at once to contradict everything he had said the day before. His first telephone message was spoken between two fully armed Nazis.

* * *

The Nazi's best allies in this propaganda are those kindly and ignorant well-to-do persons who are quite sincerely convinced that Hitlerism is splendid because the kept press is full of enthusiasm and they themselves find everything nice and quiet and the streets safe to walk in. Actually, as any journalist who has lived in a Terror will tell you, the outward appearance of things in daylight is usually calm and the Terror is only obvious to the class which is being terrorised. I have been making careful inquiries this week about the way things are being done at the moment. The persecution of the Jews has passed apparently from the extreme violence of a few weeks ago into a systematic and ruthless business of depriving Jews everywhere of any means of livelihood. Violence against people known to be connected with Left-wing politics continues without any relaxation, and though there appears to be no shooting there are many "disappearances" and many bodies found in the rivers. Many of the cases I have detailed evidence of, often from journalists or visitors who have personally interviewed the victims or their wives, show that there is in this Fascist movement a deliberate sadism which sometimes makes them unprintable. The spirit which inspires a group of young men to laugh uproariously when their flogging operations are temporarily interrupted by the working of a glass of castor-oil administered before the flogging began is not easy to comment upon judicially. A friend of mine, just back from Germany, last week interviewed a young man, not a Communist, who was supposed erroneously to have addresses which the Nazis wanted. He was flogged all over his body—particularly upon the chest—with rubber hose pipes: when he became unconscious he was brought round by the application of lighted cigarette ends to the soles of his feet. When it was clear that he knew nothing he was offered the choice of being taken to hospital or of making his own way home. He chose the latter and was found crawling in the road some time later and taken home by kindly passers-by. My friend saw him in bed bandaged from head to foot. I give this story as typical and because I have full details. Anyone who has a taste for these things may turn to pamphlets like *The Nazi Terror* by H. N. Brailsford (Socialist League), *La Peste Brune* (in English, French and German) or the periodical *Nazi Rule*, published by the Nazi Rule Information Committee.

* * *

In the strange affair of Mr. Gandhi's "inexorable" fast, the oddest feature is the prominence given by the Mahatma to the American woman, Nila Cram Cook, whose alleged discipleship is, I believe, a matter only of a few months. Miss Cook is well known to the English and American correspondents at Delhi. She is the daughter of the late George Cram Cook, whose name is familiar in the American dramatic world as a founder of the Provincetown Players, the company to which Eugene O'Neill was indebted for his first effective productions in New York. Cook's later years were spent in Greece, on an adventure of "neo-classicism" of which his wife, Susan Glaspell, gave a rhapsodical description in her book, *The Temple*. Nila Cram Cook herself appears to have been converted to Hinduism. She could not, of course, become a Hindu—not even Mrs. Annie Besant was able to break through the barrier which keeps all Westerners outside the Hindu system. But Miss Cook was apparently accepted by the Mahatma as a disciple, and she became an inmate of his *ashram* at Ahmedabad. As the daughter of George Cram Cook she is an experimentalist in cults, and in India she posed as a neo-Greek before adopting the ways of the Mahatma's household. Her journalistic acquaintances in India seem to regard her as a typical specimen of the roaming unsatisfied

Western woman. It is not easy to understand why Mr. Gandhi should have taken so much notice of her, and still more why he should regard any behaviour of hers as a reason for even a day's fasting.

* * *

I have received a lengthy document from Chicago. It begins "We have an instrument called 'Logos Observatory' to which high astrals come at appointed times, dates and places." The activities of these high astrals are very remarkable. They seem to direct the activities of most European statesmen and are very anxious to cure illness. There is a large announcement saying that *well-to-do* patients are wanted. One or two passages are worth quoting.

> The orthodox autopsy puts the cart before the horse. Besides, God was not asked to intervene . . .
>
> High spots from high astrals to date, $1.00. Sermon on the Mount, revised by high astrals. No other version means anything, they say. 25c. for three copies. Single copies not sold. Or two sermons and one Creed, 25 cents.
>
> Nicene-Apostles' Creed revised and consolidated by high astrals, via the Logos Observatory, 10c.

* * *

> Haven't we already enough of your beloved nasal friends in this country? Aren't the arson, receiving and bankruptcy trades prosperous enough for you? Haven't the procuring, brothel-keeping and white slave trafficking businesses attained sufficient development, and does your fortunate country need further enrichment by the establishment of wealth-creating industries like the sending of dope, indecent literature and foreign films?—Letter received in this office—apparently in reference to my dislike of the Nazi treatment of the Jews.

* * *

What is happening to the English language?

> As, however, the purpose of the Conference will be to organise economic and financial co-operation throughout the world, the presence of Russia's delegates is expected, *in principle, to be somewhat platonic.—Observer.* (My italics.)

* * *

> The Bible definitely states that reproduction of the human species should be, on the part of a woman, a painful process, and it is surely blasphemous for puny man to attempt mitigation of the Divine wish. What this world needs is stricter observance of Biblical rules and less attempts to make life easier than the Creator of all intended.—"Proud Chapel-Goer" in a letter to the *Leeds Mercury* denouncing the use of anaesthetics in child-birth.

* * *

> On —— Col. —— gave a talk to the School on "The British Empire," and subsequently delighted us by a display of skill with the stock-whip.—Extract from public school magazine.

* * *

> Hands came out of them [sleeves apparently] somewhere, for at tea-gown time one is invariably dying, suffering or simply too tortured, for a cocktail, and this has to be conveyed to the mouth.—Fashion article.

* * *

> Gordon Richards says that Dick Turpin is the nearest thing to a human being he has ever been on.—*Daily Paper.*

* * *

> English soldiers—that is one of the queer and delightful flavours of Gibraltar.—From an article on Gibraltar in the *Times*, 8.5.33.

* * *

> The Circus Ball. . . . Lady Eleanor Smith has not had much luck with the snakes in her rehearsal for the part of a snake-charmer, so is going as a gipsy instead.—*Daily Mail*, May 9th.

* * *

May I remind correspondents that I rely on them for my supply of "carrots"?

CRITIC

THE QUARREL

Two men were arrested during the week in a London suburb for quarrelling about literature. According to the policeman who made the arrest, one of them said: "My heart aches. That's Keats." The other replied: "No. It's Shakespeare." When the better-informed of the two persisted in maintaining the Keatsian authorship of the phrase, his friend, declared the policeman, became very abusive about Keats—so abusive, indeed, that a delighted crowd gathered and the two friends had to be run in for causing an obstruction. How pleased Keats would have been if he had foreseen that a hundred years after his death two men would appear in the dock for quarrelling about his verse! How pleased every lover of literature ought to be to hear of this evidence of a reviving enthusiasm for poetry! Men have always fought for what they loved best, and the fact that they have seldom come to blows about books has always saddened me as a proof that they do not take books seriously. How different is their attitude to religion! All my life long I have been watching people fighting about religion, bristling like angry wild boars because of a slight difference over the interpretation of a sentence in the Scriptures. Many people have grieved over the introduction of pugnacity into religious controversy. They are of the same mind as Isaac D'Israeli, who, describing the beginnings of sectarian quarrelsomeness, wrote: "Then burst into birth from the dark cave of metaphysics a numerous and ugly spawn of monstrous sects; unnatural children of the same fond mother, who never met but for mutual destruction." I cannot agree with this. Out of that dark cave of metaphysics, it seems to me, have come some of the pleasantest experiences of human life. I am not myself a vehement partisan in the ancient quarrel between Catholics and Protestants, but I have friends in both creeds who would commit suicide out of sheer boredom if there were not a Pope or a Martin Luther to abuse even more obstreperously than the literary enthusiast abused Keats. Life is surely doubly well worth living if a man is so impregnated with religious passion that, even when his mind is befogged with liquor to such a point that he could not recognise his own father, he can still muster up the remains of his consciousness to consign the head of a great Church to eternal punishment. For these things men give their lives. I have known men who had lost almost all their religious beliefs—who never went to church from year's end to year's end, and whose morals would have made the prodigal son appear a saint by comparison—who, nevertheless, could become so roused by the thought of the idolatrous practices in a church of which they disapproved that it took six policemen to carry one of them to the cell where even to-day men can suffer for religion. I have seen crowds of men and boys, who at a first glance you would never have guessed were eaten up with religious zeal, stoning each other like the inhabitants of the neolithic age because they differed about the meaning of a reference to a rock in the New Testament. Lukewarm people deplored these outbreaks of piety. For myself, I always thought that, if one looked below the surface, here was evidence that religion was a living thing—not a conventional affair of Sunday clothes, but something that you would knock your neighbour down for.

To-day that spirit is dying. In the immediate circle of my friends I know only two men—one a Catholic and one an atheist—who go about the world rowing about religion. How enviable they are with the wild fanatical light in their eyes, with their violent raised voices! Talk about abusing Keats. You should hear my little Catholic friend on Bishop Barnes. If a policeman were ever present during one of his disputes there would undoubtedly be a good case for arresting him. As for the atheist, he goes mad at mention of the name of God. He hates the God who, he declares, does not exist as a Portadown man hates the Pope. This is, in a sense, illogical. You cannot imagine a Portadown man maintaining in one breath that there is no such person as the Pope and in the next breath denouncing the Pope as a criminal deserving the extreme penalty here and hereafter. The religious fanatic has this advantage over the irreligious fanatic that he believes that somewhere in the universe the object of his hatred actually exists. Even so, the irreligious fanatic has found something in life worth causing an obstruction for. He has escaped from the miasma of Laodiceanism into the fierce sunshine of quarrelsomeness.

For the most part, however, the spirit of quarrelsomeness has abandoned religion in these days and taken refuge in politics. We are all Fascists and Communists to-day—either that or anti-Fascists and anti-Communists. If you want to

hear a man raising his voice to a shriek in modern London, you do not mention Thomas Aquinas; you mention Stalin or Hitler. I love to hear people raising their voices, and so, when I go to a party and there is a lull in the conversation, I simply utter the word "Bolshevik," assured of a good hour of hammer-and-tongs quarrelsomeness. Luckily, we do not carry swords nowadays. If we did, I should have been responsible for hundreds of deaths. I have a great friend who is a vehement Communist, and it is one of the pleasures of my life to bait him into roaring. I watch him trying to resist the temptation, doing his best to keep cool, having obviously registered a secret vow to keep off politics for the evening. Then I whisper "Ogpu," and he is off like a terrier after a rat. The air vibrates with shouting as if an operatic bass were extending his lung-power in a small room. He shouts; women shriek; we all shout and shriek. None of us, except him, know quite what we believe; but we apparently believe it very sincerely, since we quarrel about it to the point of just not hurling abusive epithets at each other. I myself become so excited that I find words like "murderer" coming quite naturally to my lips. I retain sufficient self-control, however, to apply them, not to my friend, but to people whom neither of us knows—to people whom perhaps even neither of us knows much about. At the end of an hour's fighting we have achieved about as much by our argument as a pack of young children shouting "Beast!" and "Pig!" at each other.

Would that people could get so excited about literature! Think what it would mean to the intellectual life of England if the Eliotites and the anti-Eliotites could hold up the traffic in Piccadilly Circus with their quarrels as the Fascisti and the Jews did last Sunday night. What a spectacle it would be to see two men giving each other black eyes over a dispute about the authorship of *We Are Seven*! The difficulty of creating quarrels about literature, however, is that people who know nothing about it are not sufficiently interested to fight about it. The man who abused Keats for not having written "My heart aches" was an exceptional figure, and, I hope, an omen of better things to come. In religion and politics the great thing has always been that, in nine cases out of ten, the less a person knew about the subject the more pugnacious he was about it. I doubt if Jenny Geddes who hurled the stool was deeply read in the abstruser theologians. One of the best Protestants I ever knew was a street-arab who admitted to me that he had never read the Bible. He could not have defended his faith at a council of prelates, but he could throw stones for it. We find the same thing in politics. It is possible to be a fanatical Bolshevik or a fanatical Hitlerite without knowing more about Bolshevism or Hitlerism than a blind man knows about the colours of flowers. The people who believe in them most ardently, indeed, are the people who shut their eyes to everything that they do not wish to see. All enthusiastic politicians are like that. That is why they are enthusiastic.

And now, let us hope, it is literature's turn. At last, an ignorant man has been fined for loving it and quarrelling about it in public. He spoke abusively of Keats, though he did not know that Keats had written the *Ode to a Nightingale*. If this sort of thing goes on, literary criticism may yet set itself free from the aridity of intellectualism and become as human as a squabble after closing-time. Y. Y.

"THIS IS NOT THE TIME"

Dedicated to critics of Disarmament, Revision, and the World Economic Conference.

WHENEVER proposals are made for reduction
In the cost of preparing for mutual destruction;
Whenever proposals are made for securing,
By pacts and concessions, a peace more enduring;
We are told that while Russia or Germany's arming,
While the menace of war grows, each day, more alarming,
While bitterness, fear, and suspicion increase,
It is hardly the time to be talking of peace.

When proposals are made for removing the fetters
On the free flow of trade and on payments by debtors,
For giving exchanges a greater stability,
And helping demand to keep pace with fertility,
We are told that the state of the world is appalling,
That shipments diminish and prices are falling,
And that while each new quota fresh chaos produces,
It is hardly the time to be talking of truces.

When a patient's near death, I suppose his prostration
Increases the risks of a grave operation;
Yet no one, I fancy, would haggle about it
When 'tis clear that the patient must perish without it;
And we shouldn't think much of a doctor whose aid to us
Stopped short when our symptoms were fully displayed to us,
And who told us, in short, "While your sickness endures,
It is hardly the time to be talking of cures."

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE B.B.C.

SIR,—In probing into the anatomy of broadcasting, your contributor, Mr. Robert Byron, shows a lamentable lack of understanding of the technical limitations involved. His idea is to reserve for each high-power transmitter in the country a particular kind of programme, so that, presumably, listeners in any part of the country might subscribe at will to whichever particularised programme appealed to them. Superficially this often does strike the non-technical critic of broadcasting as the best way, perhaps the only way, of meeting the diversified needs of all the public all the time. Unfortunately, there are at present insuperable technical obstacles in the way. Even with the best of receivers it is never possible to tune in with any degree of certainty to all the high-power regionals in the B.B.C. system. During the daytime the signal strength of, say, Scottish Regional in London is too low to permit reception entirely free from background, while at night any home station more than 100 miles distant tends to wax and wane in strength. Were it not for this second difficulty Mr. Byron's ideas might conceivably be put into practice. With present technique, though, a nation-wide range for one programme source can be guaranteed only by using a long wavelength, such as that of the Daventry National transmitter. This station, because of its long wavelength, and not because of its high power—for actually it is less powerful than the medium-wave regionals—penetrates even to the extremities of the British Isles without serious fading or loss of signal strength. As there is an acute shortage of wavelengths, more particularly those of long wavelength, we cannot hope even to duplicate such a station as Daventry, and so we must work out the programme distribution on a basis of limited areas of non-fading transmission. Of areas, that is to say, served by the medium-wave regionals up to a radius of 100 miles at the most. As reliable reception in any given area is therefore limited to the nearest regional, it surely follows that the programme of each regional must be designed to appeal to as varied a conglomeration of interests as possible? While it is not possible under this limitation to meet the specialised needs of any particular section of the listening public all the time, there is nothing to prevent the present scheme appealing to *successive minorities*. This the B.B.C. has always seemed chary of doing, with the result that its laudable attempt to please everyone all the time often means disappointment to the hundred-and-one sectionalised interests that make up the listening public as a whole. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the vaudeville programmes, which succeed in annoying the individual listener for fifty minutes in order that he may hear for ten minutes the only item that appeals to him.

Because technical limitations make Mr. Byron's scheme impossible, there is no reason why the present scheme should not be improved within the framework of the present machine. What all would-be improvers of our broadcasting tend to forget is that to the vast mass of the listening public wireless is mainly a soporific. Educational cranks would have it otherwise, of course, just as they would alter the present complexion of the talking films. In spite of all the uplifters in the world, though, most listeners want entertaining. It might well be contended that this is the best

function of broadcasting. Indeed, the educational side of broadcasting could not hope to succeed except through entertainment, because the listener has the indubitable right to switch off as and when he pleases. As most listening is done at night, after a day's work, it is not surprising that of any two programmes within range of the set the listener chooses the lighter. If the B.B.C. were turned into the University of the Ether that Mr. Byron seems to be advocating, listeners would exercise their knob-twiddling rights and tune in a foreign station, even though it might fade or suffer from background noises. The headmaster of Eton exerts over his scholars an influence that obviously has no parallel in the relationship between a broadcasting director and the listening public, just as C. B. Cochran attracts to his shows people already predisposed to enjoy themselves with his particular type of entertainment. Among listeners there is surely no predisposition to be culturally uplifted, but rather a desire to forget themselves under the soporific influence of light entertainment. Even if Mr. Byron's scheme were technically possible, which it certainly is not, there is no guarantee that the waste of wavelength he refers to would be reduced, because three or four valuable wavelengths devoted to cultural uplift might be subscribed to by a few thousand listeners while the remaining millions were all tuned to the solitary station transmitting entertainment. To sum up it might be said that, under existing technical limitation, the B.B.C. does very well for the great bulk of listeners; its most obvious mistake being a too-ready adaptability to the whims of the illusory average man, instead of a more sustained attempt to give full satisfaction to successive minority interests. The discovery is being slowly made that this "great majority" we so glibly refer to is, in fact, made up of many minorities, none of which can be satisfied by a programme compiled to pander to the tastes of individuals who simply do not exist. To this extent Mr. Byron's criticism is well founded, though its sensible message to the programme compilers is likely to be obscured by his somewhat patent technical ignorance.

ALAN HUNTER

25 Tierney Road, S.W.2.

SIR,—In Paradise Mr. Byron may be able to take his choice of four broadcast programmes. That will depend upon whether or not the physics of Paradise correspond with terrestrial physics, upon the geographical area of the Elysian fields, and upon the wavelengths allotted to the heavenly broadcasters. But if conditions there are the same as here great technical difficulties will have to be overcome before Mr. Byron will be able to rely upon worth-while reception of four programmes.

At present the future of British broadcasting would seem to depend upon two things—whether it will be possible to secure another long wavelength which will make Daventry a twin-wave station capable of covering the whole country with *two* programmes, and whether the present experiments with short waves will reveal new possibilities. Admittedly, the Regional Scheme does not fulfil the expectations listeners were encouraged to foster, but it is useless to ask for the ideal programme service without taking into account what is technically possible.

19 Arbour Street, Southport. R. N. WATSON

BLACK AND WHITE LAW

SIR,—I have the greatest admiration for Mr. Driberg's very able and illuminating article. But it leaves out some highly relevant facts. One of them is that the bulk of the laws of an African tribe have no ethical value. A Kikuyu, for example, who by accident puts his clothes on outside-in, commits as serious a crime as one who steals. And he actually feels as guilty. (In exactly the same way, of course, to touch the Ark of the Covenant was a much worse crime than murder in the ancient Jewish code.) Mr. Driberg's statement that "all it (African tribal law) does is to demand conformity to certain patterns of behaviour on the observance of which the well-being of the community depends" is far too sweeping. He himself does not believe that the well-being of the community depends on the ceremonial purification of women after childbirth. The fact that the Roman and Anglican Prayer-books still contain a service for the Purification of Women suggests the true view of this mass of ritual and superstition. It is specially African no more than it is specially Jewish. The *Golden Bough* shows us how it was once believed in and enforced by the people of every race and nation, our own included. Those ancestors of ours gave up their old beliefs when they became acquainted with Jewish and Greek and Roman literature and ideas. So will Africans; so, indeed, are they already. As Winifred Holtby says somewhere, one can love an infant's prattle without wanting him to remain a child when he ought to be growing into a man. Some people would have Africans remain in cultural childhood. Others believe that their emergence from it is both inevitable and right.

This is an issue of practical politics, not of anthropological theory. Mr. Driberg writes: "Even if the individual should feel inclined to rebel his group insists on the law's observance." What in this connection does being a rebel mean? In many African tribes it is believed that a woman's character is revealed by what happens during childbirth, so that an easy labour proves her to have been virtuous, while a difficult one, or a still-birth, proves her to have been unfaithful. Millions of innocent women for many centuries have suffered from the consequences of that religious belief. Are we to encourage Africans to rebel against it and the many other equally harmful superstitions of tribal religion? If we are, then we shall be encouraging the disintegration of the whole system, the beliefs and sanctions that support beneficent laws equally with the maleficent. Mr. Driberg is perfectly right in emphasising that. If the system ought to be protected, then Christian Missions and, above all, such a College as Achimota are not only mistakes but crimes. They breed rebels because they breed civilised men and women.

There is, fortunately, one matter on which the school Mr. Driberg belongs to and the school I belong to are in hearty agreement. As Mr. C. R. Buxton urges in his recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, we do Africans a serious wrong by teaching them the ideas and the practice of competitive individualism, from which we ourselves are seeking to escape. Between the Christianity of the New Testament at least and tribal communism there is no necessary antagonism. The real enemy to what is noble and beautiful in the tribal economy is capitalist industry and finance. But we cannot expect to cut the claw of the dragon that is ruining African society until we cut off its European head.

NORMAN LEYS

Brailsford, near Derby.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA

SIR,—I have no wish to impugn Mr. Krishna Menon's good faith, but it would surely be difficult for him to substantiate fully his statement (which does not appear to be qualified in any way) that the food given to prisoners in jails in India is "bad, dirty, and unfit for human consumption."

Mr. Krishna Menon no doubt knows that central jails in India are under the charge of a whole-time officer of the Indian Medical Service, either English or Indian, and that the jail at the headquarters of each district is under the charge of a civil surgeon of the district who is, in the vast majority of cases now, an Indian officer. It is, further, one of the duties of the district magistrate to inspect the jail at the headquarters of his district at least once in every month, and this he naturally does without giving notice of his inspection. In view of the statements about the bad quality of the food in jails, which are part of the stock-in-trade of Indian politics, the jail kitchen naturally receives his particular attention. There is also in some Provinces a jail committee composed of local gentlemen, who are entitled to inspect the jail whenever they wish to do so. Does Mr. Krishna Menon seriously believe that the whole-time superintendent of a central jail and the civil surgeon and district magistrate, either deliberately or through gross neglect of duty, allow the prisoners to be given food which is unfit for human consumption? The jail statistics in India show that the vast majority of prisoners put on weight while in jail, and this fact would seem to prove conclusively that Mr. Krishna Menon's statement cannot be substantiated.

I may be permitted to mention an incident which happened in the district of which I held charge some ten years ago. One of the most prominent Congress leaders in that part of India, a man of great sincerity and honesty—I am willing to give Mr. Krishna Menon his name, though it is hardly necessary to publish it here—had recently been released from jail after serving a sentence of two years' rigorous imprisonment. He was presiding over a meeting held in honour of one of his satellites, who had also just been released from jail. The satellite, in the course of his speech, made the usual complaints about his treatment in jail, including the usual allegations about the food, which were to my knowledge untrue, as he had been confined in the jail in my headquarters and I had often seen him there and talked to him. He was severely rebuked by his leader, who stated that in his experience such allegations had no foundation whatever. Owing to the

prevalence of these statements during the latter part of my stay in that particular district, I made it publicly known that I was willing to take anyone who came to my bungalow, on any morning without giving me notice, over the jail; but my offer was never accepted. I could only conclude that either people did not really believe the statements, or did not wish to be convinced that they were untrue.

It would not be possible in a letter of reasonable length to deal with all the allegations made by Mr. Krishna Menon. I have dealt with one only, which could certainly not be fully substantiated. This being the case, the other allegations must be received with great caution. On the strength of evidence of this character it is hardly justifiable, as Mr. Krishna Menon does, to stigmatise the Indian Jail Administration as inhuman and vindictive.

26 Wildwood Road, N.W.11. R. A. WILSON, I.C.S. (*retired*)

MECHANISATION IN RUSSIA

SIR,—May I be permitted to butt in with a few remarks about this mechanisation business in Russia? Some enthusiasts find it sublime. More sophisticated people (like Low) think it funny. But I cannot agree with either view. Unlike most Englishmen, though I suspect like a very large number of Russians, I have an intense horror of machinery. Many of the most disagreeable moments of my childhood were passed when some benevolent old gentleman would explain to me a piece of mechanism on the ground that "boys all like machines." Later in life, when people have tried to explain machinery to me or teach me the use of machines, I have suffered mental torture, developing on occasion into physical nausea. Such a state of mind is difficult for the usual Englishman to understand.

I have at various times in my life been put on to heavy manual labour, for which I am not very fitted physically and for which I have had no early training. At the end of the day I was certainly worn out, but I never experienced the psychological distress which I have known when endeavouring to use machinery. Above all, I was spared the exasperated contempt which I have excited in even the most saintly characters when they have been trying to explain to me about machines. I only mention these facts in my biography because I feel that they throw a good deal of light on the Russian crisis. In Russia millions of *moujiks* are being forcibly taught the use of machinery by town-dwellers, often fresh home from America and called experts, who cannot understand the *moujik's* nervous system and often cannot hide their contempt for his culture. I have had similar experiences. It is like teaching the most antipathetic animals the most unsuitable tricks, and, if conducted on a large enough scale, it is likely to bring about a cessation of agriculture and a "counter-revolution."

Unfortunately, the Russian Government, swayed by a mystic admiration for machines, has landed itself in a position where it cannot easily distinguish between sabotage designed to damage the regime and sabotage merely designed to damage the machine, which I should take to be the commoner motive. In forty or fifty years it should be possible to turn the Russians into a machinery-loving people like the English. But to say that a person is a reactionary, worthy of penal servitude, because the use of machinery causes him mental torture and may make him physically sick is as stupid as it is brutal. FRANCIS BIRRELL

THE PHOENIX BOOK COMPANY

SIR,—Assuming that you will be willing to let us (as defendants) say a few final words, may I devote them to a further—and shorter—attempt to deal with such parts of Mr. Hubert Wilson's letter in your last number as seem to us to confuse the issue. We don't mind a public discussion of our affairs—even when we don't seek it—so long as our aims and methods are not distorted, as they are (no doubt unintentionally) by Mr. Wilson.

We must reaffirm, notwithstanding Mr. Wilson's mythical booksellers who "sell and catalogue all books in print," that the only important differences between nine out of every ten retail booksellers and ourselves are that we sell deliberately on long-credit terms and that we make much more widespread and systematic efforts to interest the non-reading public in our wares—and hence the wares of other booksellers.

Mr. Wilson mentions "competition which short-circuits" the booksellers—again implying something discreditable; but what does it mean? We buy from publishers and sell to readers, like Mr. Wilson. And he again disapproves of us on the ground that we "teach a habit of deferred payment without distinction or discrimination." We suppose it is hardly necessary to say that we are not guilty of any such suicidal practices.

We cannot help sympathising with Mr. Wilson in his impossible task of showing that it is sinful of us (and apparently anyone else) to attempt to add to the volume of book sales otherwise than through existing bookshops; so may we end this correspondence by suggesting that he might more profitably turn his attention from us (who are booksellers) to a far more serious menace to the book trade—the growth of book-borrowing? JOHN BAKER, Manager

The Phoenix Book Company, Ltd.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MARRIAGE

SIR,—Might I suggest that you should exclude such distasteful articles from your columns as "Marriage," by Y. Y., which appeared in your issue of April 29th? Such articles, while, I think, affording no especial pleasure to anyone, must be a source of disgust to many, and mar the otherwise excellent quality of your journal.

Marriage was instituted by God and is, contrary to the opinion of Dr. Johnson, the *most* natural state in which man and woman should live. If this is not so, as long as we would continue Christians and not become lawless libertines, the consequences of love can never be realised and the human race must become extinct. Marriage is the tie instituted by God to regulate and make permanent the state of married life. Marriages are indeed made in heaven and, like so many things, are vilified and abused by many on earth. Marriage is entirely what those concerned make it—the possibility of happiness or misery rests entirely with them. For those who lead truly Christian lives, marriage is the happy realisation of all their desires.

Nothing in life is entirely a bed of roses; with the rose there must always be the thorns. The thorns of life are sent to try our mettle. If we are brave we shall encounter them courageously; if we are paltry cowards we shall flinch and wish that all were smooth for us. Now, in married life the man and wife help each other in these encounters. Thus they halve the number of thorns; it is the fault of their selfishness or other faults alone that can increase instead of diminishing these thorns.

A truly pathetic state of mind is indicated when a writer, discussing the sacred subject of marriage, draws upon the material afforded by cheap comic songs or low, vulgar entertainments. Some disillusionment comes with age, very often in a larger or smaller degree according as we conduct our lives well or badly. Those, therefore, who have become cynical in their outlook, need hardly seek to thrust their soured and sordid opinions on a younger generation full of the new beauty and poetry of life. The better we lead our lives, the more perfect and delightful will marriage become; the more we treat the subject of marriage lightly or disrespectfully, the more will it become worthy of such treatment. Scoffers are of no use to themselves or anyone. M. E. LONDON

9 Hartington Villas, Hove.

FASCISM, FREEDOM AND PEACE

SIR,—The triumph of the Nazis in Germany is the most important political event since the war with the single exception of the Russian revolution. So far Germany's neighbours have been shocked and surprised at the Jew-baiting and cruelties, and puzzled at the lack of humour and romantic delusions which make a great people ridiculous to everyone but themselves. For the moment Herr Hitler is busy with internal organisation, and with Italy to serve as a model he progresses with good speed. The great war, let us remind ourselves, was fought, among other things, to make the world safe for democracy. It will be profitable to ask betimes how it stands with democracy now? Miss Eleanor Rathbone, writing to the *Manchester Guardian*, thinks it stands very ill, and asks what we are going to do about it. She wants the young men who have voted for "pacifist" resolutions to consider if they would really stand by and see our liberties destroyed by Fascism.

Of the seriousness of the menace there can be no doubt. Hitler's triumph has brought hope to millions of Germans, and with that hope militant nationalism has come to life with its typical phobias and fanaticisms. What the Allies, and particularly the French, denied to a democratic Germany, will be granted perforce to Fascist Germany, and it is only a question of time till its demands are formulated. Not the least serious aspect of matters is that

Fascism has many allies in England. The middle classes look on it as a possible salvation from Bolshevism, and, apart from that, the stock of democracy, as shown forth by our "National" Government, is fallen low.

The attack is upon liberty. It is amazing to observe how the Fascists and the Communists are united here. Hitler and Stalin alike exalt the State and belittle the individual.

So we are back again at the old cruel dilemma which faced us in 1914. Are we to be the thorough-going bigoted "peace-at-any-price" pacifists, who abjure the weapon of war and trust with a fanatical faith in the triumph of our principles, if not now, then at the end of the day? Or are we—as Miss Rathbone seems to hope—to be prepared to vow ourselves again to a new crusade to save the world and again abandon our liberties for the time in the hope of preserving them for the future?

Certainly our young men will do well to ponder carefully and to examine themselves as to where they stand in this matter of peace and war.

KENNETH G. ROBINSON

51 North John Street,
Liverpool.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

SIR,—Three-and-sixpenny seats unreservable are to-day an unjustifiable insult. Why should the gallery opera fans be compelled to wait in a queue for hours in order to occupy a crowded ceiling loft far away from the stage? The majority, being engaged during the day, are given no time to snatch even a hurried meal owing to the cruel necessity of joining the queue at the very earliest. And then what of the unfortunate tail-enders who have no chance of a seat after all the famished waiting? Seeing that the season is to run for five weeks, surely the management could divide up the gallery accommodation so as to allow of the seats being reserved at three-and-sixpence (no agency increase). Any rough-and-ready allocation would be infinitely preferable to compelling opera lovers to wait in a queue and would be a great boon to those who cannot afford the fancy prices paid by their more fortunate neighbours in the house. The management would receive their revenue just the same.

It is unbelievable that such an unfair state of things has been sufferingly tolerated by the gallery patrons for so long.

ANTI-QUEUE

Miscellany

THE FRIENDS OF ENGATO

ENGATO was an unusual lion. I have already related how he came to be my companion and have indicated some of his most amiable characteristics. That sense of fun and the gentleness of demeanour which he early exhibited never deserted him, and I often wondered whether my constant association with him did not in some way act as a safe-conduct with his kinsmen of the bush. For never once was I molested by lions. Once when out hunting with a party of natives I passed within a few feet of a magnificent creature, which with hardly a glance in my direction continued to lick its paws in the shade of a tree under which it was resting. On another occasion I dived into a thicket to retrieve a guinea-fowl and came face to face with a lioness over a kill. She growled her disapproval at my intrusion, but made no overt act of hostility, though the situation was one which is apt to rouse a lion's temper. But the most amusing incident occurred when I was personally conducting a newcomer, now a judge, through a part of the district which had only just been opened up. It was evening: our tents had been pitched close together, and in the distance was a huge camp-fire, round which huddled our native staff. We sat near the tents, he (the sybarite) in a deck-chair, I on the ground (my deck-chair having long ago fallen to pieces). Tiring of the conversation, I got up to stretch myself, and noticed a full-grown lion lying down in the shadow of my guest's chair. It took no notice of my movement at first, but continued to stare at the tents and the fire and ourselves, as if at a loss what to make of the unusual phenomenon. Then it quietly rose to its feet, yawned and, with a final stare of bewilderment, turned and walked quite slowly into the bush. The contrast between its unhurried, majestic progress and the somewhat excited incoherence of my guest forced me to an unwelcome merriment, and Engato alone showed the bored nonchalance which I feel sure was the correct demeanour for the occasion.

Later on, when Engato was already firmly established with my household, some natives brought me a litter of five cubs as a present, and these grew up into likeable young lions. But though they had many of Engato's characteristics, somehow—possibly I was too attached to him to feel open-minded about it—somehow they never quite reached his standard of amiability. Only once did any of them show any signs of active truculence, and that was over a difference of opinion which we had at a certain cross-road. It was then that the last of my puttees was torn to shreds. As they grew older this litter developed a somewhat surly disposition, and in the end, though they were quite friendly with me, their tempers became uncertain with strangers, and to my infinite regret they had to be excluded from my list of amiable pets.

Before that happened, however, they joined wholeheartedly in the daily routine of my wandering life, coached, no doubt, by Engato, who took a fatherly interest in their education. As companions these lions had as strange an assortment of animals as one could possibly imagine. First and foremost were my dogs, an Airedale and a nondescript mongrel, who held the record for fertility in the Protectorate: she was always doing it, and in incredible numbers. Then there was a bush-buck, whose habits were rather irregular, as whenever he felt the mating urge he would disappear for days or weeks, but always turned up when I had reconciled myself to his absence. A marabout stork brooded rather sulkily over the establishment and did not add a great deal to its gaiety, but a golden-crested crane was better fun and, I am sure, fully enjoyed its indecorous dances when the cubs were chivvying it about. But the best fun of all in this odd assortment of creatures was a kind of hedgehog, very like an English one in its appearance and habits. (It is curious that in Africa also they are charged with stealing the milk from sleeping cows.) The lions loved playing with it, and even the intelligent and incomparable Engato never learned to take it unawares. Always the play took the same form and always, in spite of repetitions, I was shaken with irresistible laughter. Engato would creep very stealthily towards the hedgehog, inch by inch, so that one could hardly see the movement; then a rapid dart forward, only to find the hedgehog as suddenly rolled into a ball: a pricked nose, and Engato would bound up and backwards with one complicated movement, only to start all over again once the smart had disappeared.

Then there was the monkey, and he it was that led to a minor tragedy. I was never very fond of him—in fact he was a cursed nuisance—but he was a present and I could not very well refuse to keep him, though I once tried hard to lose him in a forest, all to no purpose. It was astonishing how well all these animals got on together: none of them showed any fear—not even a sheep (also a present; a bequest, as a matter of fact, from a chief), whose amiable habit it was to eat blue-mottled soap, from a surfeit of which it eventually died. It was a comic sight to see this menagerie on the march, all, except the hedgehog, jostling each other and frolicking in the early morning, and taking every opportunity to lie down in a puddle of water—squabbling over right of possession if it did not accommodate them all—as the sun grew hotter.

But one day there was a tragedy, and the monkey was the innocent and unfortunate cause. It happened while I was at my headquarters. Knowing that I had a very hard day before me and would be out from before dawn till sunset, I uncorked a bottle of vermouth, the only drink I had, and left it on my table after lightly replacing the cork. In the evening I came in to find the monkey sitting on the table with its head tilted back, pouring my precious vermouth down its consecrated throat. I shooed it off and it dropped the bottle, more than three-quarters empty. I was interested to see how it would react, and must admit to a certain disappointment, as its gait showed absolutely no abnormality. After bounding about the room

for a minute or two, and creating its usual havoc in the process, it made its last bound through the doorway. Its last bound; for as it happened—and this was the only occasion on which such a thing did happen—one of the lions had not been fed that evening and fell upon the monkey and slew it. Its first act after this satisfactory piece of hunting was to slit open the stomach and to suck up the contents, which (of course) consisted of pure, undiluted vermouth. Believe it or believe it not, within half an hour that lion was beautifully and gloriously drunk.

J. H. DRIBERG.

MY LADY

STRIKE soft each fiddle, harp, and viol;
Disdain the jazz and banjo;
Let sunrise dance upon the dial.
My song is of a lady, O!

For she is bright, and she is good,
And she is like the rainbow;
And there's that virtue in her blood
As makes the grass and grain grow.

No need has she of raddle sticks;
She'll go to where I'd fain go,
For there's the sunrise in her lips,
And starlight in her forehead's snow.

Yet, play the bull, she waves no red;
But with blue-glittering rapier
She strikes both horns from angry head.
My Mignon is a lady, O!—

Deep versed in wiles of Bethlehem,
Sweet Mary's of the Manger;
In Eden Eve oft fenced with them
To shield her throne from danger.

God save our souls from Death and Hell!
Fly flappers, flap in radiance!
And gentle Jesu, guard her well!
Rich life lurks in my lady's glance.

HERBERT E. PALMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

La France Toute Pure

Virtuous Isidore (at the Academy) is taken from a short story by Guy de Maupassant and is as French in the provincial sense as anything can be. It is also extremely amusing. All the '90's attitude towards the mere act of love, the fire-brigade, middle-aged women, and an universally derided lower middle class is exploited in this film, which, though up to all the modern technical tricks, reminds one, like Maupassant himself, of an immensely distant age. The story deals with an extremely shy young man, who, as the result of a fete organised in honour of his virtue, loses this virtue at the moment of his apotheosis. Both dialogue and photography are extremely funny. But *Virtuous Isidore* is a film to be seen rather than described. No nation but the French would dare to produce anything so old-fashioned. For this trait in the French character we may all assuredly be extremely grateful.

The Man on the Spot

Anatole France saw Pilate as a busy civil servant to whom one crucifixion was no more than another. Messrs. Campbell Dixon and Dermot Morrah in *Caesar's Friend* at the Piccadilly Theatre take the more usual view of him as a man horrified by his own cowardice, a philosopher afraid of reality. Their theme is, or should have been, the struggle in his mind between the Roman conception of justice and the political exigencies of the particular case. Actually, the authors, straying from one aspect of the story to another, fail to achieve unity of idea. At one time, it seemed that they were chiefly concerned with the character of Judas who first appeared as an ardent nationalist, seeking to force militant action upon Jesus by his betrayal. But in the third Act this suggestion is abandoned and Judas is once more the penitent huckster of tradition. The attempt to mingle modern idiomatic English with the language of the Bible is not happy. So violent a contrast detracts from the vigour of the one and the impressiveness of the other. Those scenes are best in which the authors, in the approved contemporary manner, attribute to Roman colonisers twentieth century habits of mind. Pilate is presented as "the man on the spot" whose difficulties could not be understood by politicians at home, an administrator believing in the world State and capable of conceiving of world peace as Jesus understood it. Britons, his wife observes, make such excellent slaves. Ingenuities of this kind are amusing if not very profound. The later scenes do not escape vulgarity, that pitfall of the dramatist who challenges comparison with Biblical style. Mr. Clarke-Smith realises with moving sincerity the personality of Pilate as here imagined.

"Heritage"

That the sins of the father are visited upon the children is a commonplace of literature no less than of history or of ethics. Mr. Twiss's play is divided into twelve scenes: Mr. Malcolm Keen, in the first, is defending a criminal who is guilty but mentally deficient, although "not insane within the meaning of the Lunacy Act." To persuade us that not this man sinned but his father, we are shown five families "at seed time once and at the harvest once"—in 1907 and to-day. Drunkard begets drunkard, murderer murderess, and we are obliged to admit that the right to perpetuate ourselves should be a privilege accorded by the State only to those who, by heredity, endeavour, and achievement, have shown themselves to be worthy of it. This is a very courageous play and its grim themes are handled with delicacy and acted with dignity, but propaganda can never become art merely by the addition of a little gilding. Mr. Twiss is not, alas, a Bossuet or an Ibsen, and fails to make his earnest pleadings either literature or drama. The play is best when most frankly a lecture on eugenics—the scenes on the Embankment and in the lunatic asylum, having the least pose and artificiality, are the most convincing. Miss Paget Bowman's Glamorganshire servant girl and Mr. Bernard Lee's drunkard actor are both interesting, but are not given time to develop their respective characters.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 12th—
"Die Walkure," Covent Garden, 5.45.
Brahms Centenary, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on May 15th, 17th and 19th.

SATURDAY, May 13th—
Elisabeth Schumann, Queen's Hall, 3.
Brosa String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, May 14th—
S. R. Ratcliffe on "President Roosevelt's Dictatorship, Conway Hall, 11.
Dr. Hecker on "Religion under Communism," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
An Escaped Fugitive on "The Nazi Terror," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"The Sowers," Arts Theatre.
"Send Her Victorious," Westminster Theatre.
"Love for Sale," St. Martin's Theatre.

MONDAY, May 15th—
British Drama League. Welwyn Garden City Festival Week. Till May 20th.
"Parsifal," Covent Garden, 5.30.
"The Enchanted Cottage," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

TUESDAY, May 16th—
H. S. L. Polak on "Indian Opinions To-day," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mock Trial on "Making the Human Race too Dull." Prosecutor: J. C. Squire. Defendants: J. B. Priestley, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Naomi Royde-Smith and Hugh Walpole. London School of Economics, 5.30.
"Tristan und Isolde," Covent Garden, 7.
Harriet Cohen and the Pro Arte Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
The New English Singers, Aeolian Hall, 8.30.
"The Late Christopher Bean," St. James's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, May 17th—
"Siegfried," Covent Garden, 5.45.

THURSDAY, May 18th—
"Sometimes, Even Now," Embassy Theatre.

FRIDAY, May 19th—
"Samson Agonistes," Cranleigh School, Surrey, 5. Also on May 20th, at 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

RE-READING what are called the Scientific Romances of H. G. Wells in an omnibus volume (Gollancz, 8*s.* 6*d.*) has filled me with a very childish form of disillusion indeed. For when I read Wells at fifteen I believed these stories in a peculiarly literal way. I knew, of course, that the Martians had not yet come to Woking, but I was not at all sure they might not arrive there at any moment; and I think I was convinced that when they did there could be no question as to the course of events. The humdrum detail was as obviously true and could be no more questioned than the derivation of the name Crusoe. It is Mr. Wells' temperamental buoyancy and his explosive humour that have disguised his great likeness to Defoe—a likeness of method, not of style or mood. It was that solid attention to little details which I found so convincing, and it is a great shock now to find that these romances are dated, that they, so essentially of the future, should have been caught up and overtaken by the swift developments of our mechanical age, so that it is clear now that they can never come to pass. If the Martians came to-day they would have to face a vastly superior armament than is described, and the absence of aeroplanes, tanks and poison gas and the presence of the entangled masses of horse-drawn vehicles, escaping out of London, give me as queer a feeling as the Day after the Day of Judgment must give the assembled sectaries.

* * *

One of these stories is fortunately safe, owing to its inherent nature, from any criticism of this sort. At any moment the Time Traveller, a ghostly, indistinct figure, sitting in a whirling mass of black and brass, may become visible as a sort of coagulating nebula in the room beside me, bringing news from the future or the past. By definition he is immortal, and I still believe in those park-like lawns, punctuated here and there by great ventilating shafts for the underground regions, and inhabited by gay mindless descendants of the upper classes who will play and skip as prettily as the fallow deer, until they furnish a meal for the nocturnal, purblind descendants of the proletariat. It is perhaps irritating to Mr. Wells to have his first story, a first version of which appeared in the Royal College of Science magazine, singled out for praise, but its shortness and absence of unnecessary background endear it to me particularly. It is a very fine story and its peculiar excellence is that its ending is not final. In a hundred years' time, just as to-day, the reader will ask himself as he closes the pages: "What if he should come to rest with a thump beside me now?" If *The War of the Worlds* cannot have occurred, unless the great Siberian meteor was a shot at it, the story of *The Invisible Man* is completely credible and bears the stamp of truth. It is a perfect story so long as we believe it; it would be pointless if doubt crept in, but the only thing one doubts is whether the record is complete. For at one moment someone must have seen a bicycle with the rusty chain squeaking and the cranks groaning, tacking from side to side up a steep hill, ridden by the invisible man. And then this witness must have seen it stop suddenly, stagger and then, leaning over to the left, go very slowly up the steepest slope, with the pedals fixed and motionless and a faint ticking from the free wheel.

* * *

Mr. Wells discusses the character of these stories in his Preface and says:

> The invention is nothing in itself, and when this kind of thing is attempted by clumsy writers who do not understand this elementary principle nothing could be conceived more silly and extravagant. Anyone can invent human beings inside out or worlds like dumb-bells or a gravitation that repels. The thing that makes such imaginations interesting is their translation into commonplace terms and a rigid exclusion of other marvels from the story. Then it becomes human. . . . For the writer of fantastic stories to help the reader to play the game properly, he must help him in every possible unobtrusive way to domesticate the impossible hypothesis.

That is perfectly true, yet it is truth more applicable to such fascinating short stories as *Aepyornis Island* and *The Truth about Pyecraft* and the like, than to the longer novels in this volume. For with that criticism Mr. Wells seems to me rather to ignore the chief point of such stories as *The Food of the Gods*. It is true that the invention of a food that makes one grow is nothing in itself, and can easily be accommodated in a few pages of *Alice*, but Mr. Wells has by the continual use of the words *great* and *little* made it extraordinarily emotionally moving. The veneration we have from childhood of people and objects bigger than ourselves colours all our ideas of the relative importance of things which differ in size. Thus a lion is believed almost universally to be a more important animal in itself than a rat, and most people would place the elephant next after man in the hierarchy of created things. This subject was treated with extreme brilliance many years ago by Mr. Clifford Dobell in a paper on "The Principles of Protistology," published in *Archiv für Protistenkunde*, and his brilliant suggestion of a microscopic Deity (compare the opening words of the Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord") might certainly be applied to the *Food of the Gods*. The children, recklessly fed upon the food, who grow up thirty-five feet high are so emotionally moving to us, and to Mr. Wells, because they are so lonely and few in numbers and stand for greatness in a world of littleness, a world of silly little men niggling with pettifogging restrictions in surroundings on a scale to suit them. Although a moment's reflection shows us that the world would become larger and more spacious if one could reduce the size of man, and that what is wanted to solve all our problems is a food which would make us nine or ten inches high, we cannot help, owing to a psychological and verbal trick, being on the side of these awkward, aristocratic young giants.

* * *

It is clear that *The Food of the Gods* is more than a "Scientific Romance." It is a fable of a great and glorious world which results from the vision of the ridiculous little Mr. Bensington. It is moving to us as *Pilgrim's Progress* is to old-fashioned Puritans, and because it is so direct and elementary it is much more effective than the Utopia of *Men Like Gods*, even although parts of it are very badly written; while *Men Like Gods* is very well written. In the same way *The Time Machine* is so exciting not only because it is a thrilling story, but because it contains a simple and moving parable about the social dichotomy of a leisured and a working class. And the Island of Doctor Moreau, which has always seemed to me a bit shoddy and has never made my blood curdle properly, suddenly flares up in the most wonderful hint of a parable at the end, after Prendick has escaped from the island of monsters fashioned by the vivisectionist:

> My trouble took the strangest form. I could not persuade myself that the men and women I met were not also another, still passably human, Beast People, animals half-wrought into the outward image of human souls; and that they would presently begin to revert, to show first this bestial mark and then that. . . . Though I do not expect that the terror of that island will ever leave me, at most times it lies far in the back of my mind, a mere distant cloud, a memory and a faint distrust; but there are times when the little cloud spreads until it obscures the whole sky. Then I look about me at my fellow men. And I go in fear. I see faces keen and bright, others dull or dangerous, others unsteady, insincere; none have the calm authority of a reasonable soul. I feel as though the animal were surging up through them; that presently the degradation of the Islanders will be played over again on a larger scale. I know this is an illusion, that these seeming men and women about me are indeed men and women, men and women for ever, perfectly reasonable creatures, full of human desires and tender solicitude, emancipated from instinct, and the slaves of no fantastic Law—beings altogether different from the Beast Folk. Yet I shrink from them, from their curious glances, their inquiries and assistance, and long to be away from them and alone.

That seems to me a very fine passage indeed.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

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Knight Without Armour. By JAMES HILTON. *Benn.* 7s. 6d.
Joan Winter. By S. L. BENSUSAN. *Heritage.* 7s. 6d.

As primitive peoples attempt to rationalise the forces of nature by endowing them with a concrete mythical shape, so does the modern student of political history, face to face with a confusion no less appalling, spin his myths from the chaos of human affairs. Historical fiction is a protest against this tendency; the novelist asks us to remember, in spite of the historian and his ordered narrative where each cause clears the way for its appointed effect, that a nation is an aggregate of human beings and a revolution a complex of human motives. Such motives may be diametrically opposed; revolutions are not often the work of a mob, yet very seldom follow a logical or consistent scheme. One group of individuals may set them going, but another faction usually emerges to reap the benefit.

Behind it all swarms the infinite nameless crowd: women whose market-baskets are empty, who are tired of long vigils in bread- and meat-queues, and lousy, exhausted conscripts back on leave. Herr Plivier takes account of such human molecules; his novel, *The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain*, of which the scene is laid in Germany at the close of the war, just before the abdication of the Hohenzollerns, is only distinguished from formal history by the fact that he personifies these human elements. To re-write modern history was his aim; and it is as history, unusually well written, with a dramatic vividness of which few novelists can boast and a grasp of events many historians never acquire, that his brilliant and painful narrative is worth reading. He is inspired by a definite political thesis. The revolution which broke out at Kiel and elsewhere, in the stokeholes and on the lower decks of the great battleships, which had been ordered to get up steam for the North Sea, was very largely a communist movement when it began. At least, it soon assumed a communist colouring: the troops went over to the mutinous sailors, councils of workmen and soldiers were formed, officers were deposed or put under arrest. The conflagration seemed to be spreading across Germany. Enter the villains of the piece; Noske and other leaders of the Social Democrats—Noske had been sent to Kiel by the Reichstag—deliberately side-tracked the ponderous movement, till it could be brought to a parliamentary standstill. Thus, the revolution ended in comparative failure. Wilhelm II. was persuaded to withdraw, but his generals were allowed to retain their seats, and *bourgeois* democracy won the day. The drama of 1918, as Herr Plivier sees it, is implicit in the title of his book.

So much for the dominant political theme. Just how far it is biased by the author's convictions—of his sincerity, I think, there is no doubt—other and more competent critics must be left to decide. The novel has outstanding literary virtues. Herr Plivier possesses a remarkable faculty of subordinating a mass of detail to his general effect and yet never losing hold of its separate threads. The impression produced is intricate but always lucid. One could wish as spacious a subject for Mr. Boden, whose descriptive gift, originally displayed in *Miner*, a first novel published a year ago, is somewhat cramped by the narrow compass of a triangular love-story. Whatever he may be, he is no psychologist; the interactions of Flo and Elsie and Raymond—Raymond, the unemployed mechanic, Elsie, his amorous landlady, and Flo, his true love—are reported rather than adequately explained, though the novelist has worked hard to make them credible. He is at his best when he describes the outer world. Mr. Boden writes with real distinction of the back streets of a squalid industrial town, or of a day's employment in the goods-yard of a huge railway station. His style, which is inclined to be somewhat tentative, a little too self-consciously on its best behaviour, here attains to an uncompromising strength.

Mr. Boden, in the catch-phrase, has "something to say"; whereas Mr. Cleugh, the author of *Rush Hour*, is so ingenious, rhetorical and richly elaborate, that if he said anything it would probably pass unnoticed. Personally, I enjoy books that "say" nothing; and my chief grudge against Mr. Cleugh's second novel is that the lack of content fails to become a charm. And then the protagonist is such a very shop-soiled dummy; every gesture which the unfortunate hero makes—and his existence is largely composed of gestures, rueful, sardonic or self-accusing—is pounced on and pinned down by Mr. Cleugh with a deft jab of some sharply pointed phrase. Poor Michael is never left in peace. He is not allowed, as are the heroes of other novels, to take his hat, say good-bye and leave the room; but his movements are described with staccato accuracy, to the "frigid salute" with which he finally crosses the threshold. Page 3 provides a still more embarrassing close-up:

> He stood there listening for some minutes, his face, half in shadow, looking darkly pallid. He was a good match for the studio. Dressed in worn-out grey flannel, his lengthy and angular figure, as well as the lean face, too lined for something under thirty, conveyed a similar effect of defeated gentility. The sallow, closely shaved features were sharply marked, the black hair carelessly abundant. Its jet note was repeated in the level lines of the eyebrows and in the fugitive gleams of the restless pupils beneath them.

He is waiting for a young woman whom he hopes to seduce. Turning towards the light (in the next paragraph) he reveals "a sulkily speculative expression"; then lounges away, "muttering in a weary tone a few oaths which constant use had completely relieved of their originally horrifying significance." Soon he is caught "grinning, a little unpleasantly"; his eyeballs begin to smoulder, his teeth snap. . . . The only restful thing about this curiously restless narrative—it seems to twitch along, rather than develop in the ordinary fashion, with the hero in a perpetual narcissistic trance—is the nicely chosen pale green paper on which it is printed.

Mr. Cleugh uses and abuses words; he is perhaps over-sensitive to their potential beauty and forgets his way in the decorative labyrinths of his own style. Mr. Wylie has no style, not even a mannerism. He just writes; but, since he is writing in a temper, on a subject that is obviously close to his heart—and which, as it happens, is of special interest at the present time—he manages to carry us with him to the end of the story. It is a rough road and the surrounding landscape is scarcely cheerful:

> Before her, the unbroken stretches of North India seemed to extend for ever, to go on and on and on in an exasperation of pitiless, parched monotony. . . . To her the sinister bleakness of a waste land so cruel and waterless was past imagination. Sun, sand, and spiny thicket, scrub dune and cattle bones, brittle twig and juiceless juniper, dust, dung, pits and ruts, dead dwarfs of twisted trees, thorny shrubs and leathery cactus, she saw it as a place where the stretched tautness of her sanity would snap. It lay before her in a sweltering inferno of one million miles, thirsty, forbidding, and hideous.

Hindu Heaven, like Edward Thompson's *Farewell to India*, is an account of life at a mission college—Mr. Wylie's missionaries are American born—and brings out many of the same points. He emphasises, as any Westerner is bound to do if he has attempted to teach a class of Eastern students, the queer wistfulness of Oriental youth, stubborn and suspicious, yet still greedy for Western culture. Above all, he stresses the deadlock of East and West, and pours scorn on the efforts of the Christian go-between, particularly on his proselytising compatriots. He has no praise to spare for British officials, and little but mild contempt for Indian Nationalists. . . . In short, Mr. Wylie is a good hater. Mr. Caradoc Evans' vituperative capacity, as exercised upon his countrymen, the Welsh, is so pronounced that it almost amounts to genius and lends wings—a hornet's wings—to his prose style. *Wasps* is far too mild a title; written in a tone of Biblical solemnity, packed with Rabelaisian and frankly ludicrous incident, this is a disconcerting, top-heavy, fantastic book. Guaranteed to blow the roof off a tin chapel and fill Welsh valleys with the rolling echoes of its savage invective, it seems a trifle long-winded for English readers.

How pleasant, then, to seek the guidance of Miss Naomi Mitchison. In *The Delicate Fire*, her first and finest story—there are twelve of them altogether in the volume—she takes us back to Lesbos in the days of Sappho, whom we catch a glimpse of through the eyes of a young girl. I hasten to add that the story is entirely proper; the authoress describes naturally, yet quite discreetly, the passionate friendships of that romantic and scented island, with its background of commercial and maritime life. There is much that is extremely charming in this long story; it seems a pity, though, that Miss Mitchison should have set to work to supply a conclusion to one of Sappho's most famous fragments, for the effect is, to say the least of it, somewhat awkward. I was also grieved to hear Sappho's early love, who should surely have learned to avoid *clichés*, describe her as "a little dark slip of a thing."

Lastly, two books for a morning in bed. *Knight Without Armour* is a well-written adventure story, of which the prologue and epilogue may both be skipped. The scene is laid in Russia during the civil war; an Englishman who has lived in Russia for many years is attempting to find his way to comparative safety through the tangle of White and Red guerilla warfare. He has hair-breadth escapes, but they are perfectly credible. Nowadays, it is not difficult to believe in horrors, while the universe Mr. Bensusan represents, in his elegiac novel, *Joan Winter*, seems to be drifting more and more rapidly into the past. This tale of a wonderful young pianist and of a brilliant and self-sacrificing musical critic—he loves her but, alas, he has a mad wife!—will not recommend itself to the more sophisticated type of reader. Those who are in need of "an ounce of civet"—in other words, a dash of sentimentalism—to chase away the rank odours of the modern world can rely on Mr. Bensusan to act as apothecary.

PETER QUENNELL

DREISER

Dreiser and the Land of the Free. A Novel of Facts. By DOROTHY DUDLEY. *Wishart.* 15*s.*

The dust cover of Miss Dudley's book makes a neat comment on its subject and its author's method. It shows an agglomeration of skyscrapers under the inscrutable gaze of a rather commonplace-looking man who is twice as tall as the tallest building. This is the only visual portrait we get of Dreiser, and when one turns back to it after studying the immense and fascinating detail of Miss Dudley's literary portrait it gives the final illumination of a good cartoon. This enormous fellow, looking down on the skyscrapers with his mouth half open as if he were making a statement about them, looks every inch a public man. It would be difficult, perhaps, to follow him home, out of the shimmer of publicity, to a cool interior where one might, by watching him quietly, learn more about his messages to the reporters. This indicates the limitation of Miss Dudley's work. Writing as an American for Americans about a great American, she has gone the American way and done everything but follow him home. She has made an immensely industrious and able statement about a writer whose life has been more intimately bound up with the skyscraper civilisation which he describes than would have been possible, perhaps, in any other country. It is usual for men of letters to oblige their biographers by living above the battle of the market place, but this simplification is not open to Miss Dudley. Dreiser and the skyscrapers began together; they grew up together; their fortunes have been consistently interlocked. The story of a man who after years of struggle compelled his fellow countrymen to read his statements of what they did as they raced for prosperity and reared their great machines is inseparable from the story of the money machine itself. Dreiser's career, ostensibly that of a literary man in his relations with writers and publishers, is pressed upon at every point by the tremendous acceleration of American industrialism, a structure which is itself founded precariously on an inchoate social philosophy and a crumbling system of morals. It is impossible to make much sense of Dreiser unless one looks pretty carefully at the human swarms which he sees scuttling so optimistically about at the base of his skyscrapers. Miss Dudley has recognised this. She has had the courage to tackle Dreiser and the skyscrapers wholeheartedly together. The result is a book which is large in scope as in size, one which literally swarms with life. Dreiser the thrusting novelist occupies the foreground, but behind him, from Mark Twain to Sherwood Anderson, are sketched two generations of American writers, and around are the worlds through which he has shouldered his way: Indiana through Chicago to Broadway; five star final to slick magazine; navvy's hut to the pleasure houses of Big Business. Miss Dudley's method of assembling this formidable variety of scene and incident is a brilliant piece of reporting embroidered by set pieces of fine writing; but it is the reporting which counts.

The Dreiser of this book was determined, like any other lowly American, to get on, and he managed to do so by recording, in novel after novel, what the single licence of the money-getter leads to when it works within the repressive mould of a puritanical morality. Miss Dudley's account of Dreiser's dogged struggle with the cautious respectability of American publishers is extremely instructive. She makes a moving reconstruction of the miscarriage of *Sister Carrie* when it was first published, and of what *The Genius* suffered at the hands of the Comstockian moralists. Nor does the irony of the situation escape her. For although Dreiser was the first considerable writer to establish his claim to mention the unmentionable without adding that the wages of sin is death, the onset of sophistication was so powerfully on his side that when he published *An American Tragedy* the unmentionable was already far ahead in the hands of Cabell and Hemingway. Much of the dust which Dreiser has raised in literary America has blown about women—the women of his books and the women of his life. Miss Dudley embroiders this theme without ever exposing it. Dreiser the down-and-out, the money-getter, the magazine editor, the fighter of the obscenity laws, "America's foremost novelist"—these are all vividly done, for they are public men. But Dreiser the friend and lover are private people, beyond the reach of the reporter.

To some people Dreiser's books are not quite nice because of what he says; to others because of how he says it. Miss Dudley is at some pains to examine Dreiser's claim to the title of the world's worst great writer. Admitting his drab voluminousness, his gritty circumlocution, his syntactical mazes, she retorts that he has always had a terrible lot to say; he has always been in a hurry; and it is well for his readers that he is never willing to leave anything out. She also enters a secondary defence on the state of the American language. This is true, but it is not perhaps all that could be said. Dreiser's power is that of a garrulous correspondent who communicates an important matter which we feel we must know about: we suffer him simply because he knows. *An American Tragedy* is an extremely dingy book—in it one is never far from the oppressive and stuffy purlieus of the police court. And yet one reads on and on in exasperated, smouldering excitement because the psychological detail of the drab story of Clyde and Roberta is so minutely faithful that nothing else matters. This is no answer to aesthetic critics who say that *An American Tragedy* would have been much more tragic at half the length. That, however, is a proposition which awaits proof.

BARRINGTON GATES

MR. MUNRO ON THE DRAMA

Watching a Play. By C. K. MUNRO. *Gerald Howe.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Munro has republished five very interesting lectures which he delivered on the drama at Liverpool University. He says that he is writing not as a scholar but as a playwright who has not studied the drama, except as it assisted him to write his own plays. He has, in fact, merely read old plays in order to get tips to write his own. This reason seems to be the only good reason for doing anything, except enjoying pure pleasure. We do something in order to lead a fuller life.

The most important passages in Mr. Munro's book are devoted to a study of suspense and what he calls value, and for this purpose he analyses very carefully the *Wild Duck* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. His discoveries seem to me to be extremely interesting and the variations of his suspense-graphs very remarkable. It is pleasant to meet someone else who thinks Molière the funniest writer who has ever lived. We may differ, however, in supposing that these graphs will be the slightest use to anyone else. We must be content with enjoying the proofs of method which Mr. Munro offers us. I am not a playwright. Still I feel I am right in supposing that it is not any use studying suspense in other people in order to practise suspense on your own account: and if you did not realise instinctively that the drama is a matter of suspense, you would not think of writing a play at all. Probably both Ibsen and Molière gained their effects by subconscious processes. Still, though Mr. Munro's dissection cannot be called entirely original (Dryden anticipated him with his analysis of the *Silent Woman*), he is none the less interesting on that account, and these pages will be read with great satisfaction. Mr. Munro is most successful with his prose writers. Though he writes well on Shakespeare, he is less at home with him, and no doubt finds Shakespeare less useful to him. For instance he calls Othello's opening line

> Put up your bright swords, or the dew will rust them

"an effective line, *if* you come to think of it." It seems to me one of the masterly opening lines in literature. There is a mingling of sound and meaning (if these two things can be separated, which they can't), there is a simple generous sweep about the rhythm which straight off lets us into the secret of Othello's simple generous nature. The discussion of metre is apt to be a very boring one, and Mr. Munro is perhaps wise to avoid dis-

cussing it. But as verse-dramatists largely get their dramatic effects by use of metre, they can hardly be discussed without it. As Mr. Munro does not write in verse, he does not find the study of it useful for his own purposes.

His absence of interest in the verse-drama has led him, perhaps, slightly to exaggerate the contribution of Ibsen (of whom, however, he always writes excellently). According to Mr. Munro, Ibsen introduced what he calls process-value into the theatre. The tragedy is the development of a man's mind and character as in the *Master Builder*, for instance, where the internal conflict is so great that the catastrophe can take place "off." Mr. Munro rightly praises Ibsen for his immense genius along these lines. But to say this is an original achievement of Ibsen's is to forget Racine, as great a man as he. *Britannicus* really contains every bit as much process-value as *Little Eyolf*, and, at any rate in the original, has great literary advantages over Ibsen in a translation. Mr. Munro never mentions Racine and presumably does not care about him. But as the late Professor Ker pointed out, in an inspired moment, Racine is the real predecessor of Ibsen, though, for all I know, Ibsen may never have read a line of Racine.

Still Mr. Munro's eschewing of the historical method and his denial of any scholarly approach certainly makes his book very fresh and readable, while some of his advice to would-be playwrights on the nature of audiences, actors, and other theatrical persons will be of very great use. In these matters he offers some valuable tips, though he cannot help sympathising with the author who insists on neglecting them. For in the last resort, as Mr. Munro is inclined to agree, the artist writes to please himself, and the entertainer to please other people. The warfare between these two classes must always be bloody, because the artist, while writing for himself, will not rest content till he has forced everyone to listen to him. Here the artist and the entertainer are at one. *Watching a Play* is a very readable and instructive book.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

SCIENCE AND THE FRUITGROWER

The Apple. By SIR DANIEL HALL and M. B. CRANE. *Martin Hopkinson.* 10s. 6d.

Take a Cox, or at this time of the year one of the last of the D'Arcy Spices you have grown yourself (if you have the good fortune to grow them), rub the rough grey russetted skin and then smell it and bite into it. Even though it may have shrivelled a trifle, the firm aromatic flesh, clean but not mealy, brisk but hardly acid, makes it the most delicious as it is the most fascinating of fruits. Just as the best pears are French, the best apples are English, and can rarely be approached in quality by American or Colonial fruit. The English summer may disappoint us with wet and cloudy days in August, but we have a slight compensation in our flower gardens and in our dessert apples. Yet we import something approaching eight million pounds' worth, three times the value of what we grow ourselves. The habit of eating American apples has become so general that some of our growers have been experimenting with those varieties to which the greengrocers and the public have become accustomed—though they have nothing but a bright skin and a sweet mealy texture to recommend them. Indeed, the only first-class American apple, Newtown Pippin, will not thrive in this country. It is grown chiefly for export as the Americans require a bright red skin.

After reading *The Apple*, by Sir Daniel Hall and Mr. Crane, it is difficult not to become a fanatic enthusiast for growing apples, as it is a book in which pure science is brought closely to bear on a technical subject, and the finality of such really scientific treatment kindles enthusiasm more than anything else. Though it is definitely a book for the commercial grower, the amateur will find it of the greatest value. Everything to do with the apple and its culture is touched on, but while the sections on diseases and pests, on pruning, varieties to grow, and marketing recapitulate information which can be found in many other books those dealing with the genetics of the apple are new, admirably clear and of the greatest practical value. It should be noted that Mr. Crane has himself done a great deal of the research work, the results of which are here described.

The inherited characteristics of an individual animal or plant are transmitted through the chromosomes, easily stained threads which appear during the division of the cell nucleus. In the ordinary division, in growing tissue, they appear to split longitudinally and each new cell, formed as the plant grows, has the same number of chromosomes. But in the formation of the germ-cells, here ovules or grains of pollen, the chromosomes do not divide longitudinally, but separate into two equal groups to form the germ mother-cells. This is the reduction division discovered by Farmer. The reduced chromosome number for any species is called the haploid number and is half the number present in the vegetative cells, which for the apple is thirty-four. Now many of the best varieties of apples appear to have arisen after an abnormal development of the germ-cells in which the reduction division did not occur. Such a germ-cell would contain the full diploid number of chromosomes for the species, and after union with a normal germ-cell it would contain one and a half times as many as the normal vegetative cell—fifty-one in the apple instead of thirty-four. The tree resulting from the growth of such a pip would contain fifty-one chromosomes in every cell. This is called a triploid and such magnificent varieties of apple as Bramley's Seedling, Blenheim Orange, Ribston Pippin, the American apple Baldwin and the continental Gravenstein are all triploids which appear to have arisen in this way, and their admirable qualities seem to be due to their gigantism. Yet it is practically hopeless to try to breed new varieties from them, as owing to their abnormal nuclear constitution their offspring are few and exceedingly feeble. The breeders of new varieties have naturally tended to concentrate their efforts on several of these very fine sorts and now the cytologist, counting chromosomes through his microscope, has been able to explain why this has been wasted effort. Nor are his services limited to the breeder of new varieties; they have just as practical a bearing for the ordinary fruit-grower on the lay-out of his orchard. For these triploid apples, owing to their abnormal constitutions, are very feeble pollinators and are particularly feeble when crossed with each other. Thus, if a grower is planting Bramley's Seedling, he should not only interplant with some diploid variety to cross-pollinate the Bramleys but he should interplant with two diploid varieties, so they may also cross-pollinate each other.

A great deal of work has been done on the sterility of a variety to its own pollen and the relative fertility of the pollen of different varieties for each other. Thus Cox's Orange is not only self-sterile in a high degree (out of nearly twelve thousand self-fertilised flowers, only ninety-two matured), but it is often a bad pollinator,

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particularly for its own descendants. Thus, Ellison's Orange crossed by Cox yielded 1.1 per cent. matured fruit, whilst Lady Sudeley crossed by Cox yielded 13.3 per cent. Such results will affect the yield of orchards very considerably, since the more fruit set the greater chance of a good crop surviving such pests as sawfly. It is, of course, hopeless to try to grow fine crops of the best apples regularly without spraying, and the model orchard should be kept isolated from infection and as clean as a good school. All too often the hygiene of an old orchard of beautiful gnarled trees is that of Newgate prison in the eighteenth century. The authors of *The Apple* must be congratulated on having produced a very valuable monograph. D.G.

PHILOSOPHY OF BOLSHEVISM

Moscow Dialogues. By JULIUS F. HECKER. *Chapman and Hall.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Whether or no the Russian Revolution of October, 1917, marked the greatest event in human history since the birth of Christ is a question that will not be decided in this generation. But the fact that it can even be asked is a sufficient measure of its importance. It is strange, therefore, that despite the enormous curiosity felt by the outside world with regard to Bolshevism inquiry as to the true nature of that movement should so far have noticed only its most superficial manifestations. That the number of literates in Russia should have been increased since 1914 from two millions to twenty is an assertion no less interesting than that one in every fourteen members of the population is an agent of the secret police. Such computations are typical of the literature which Bolshevism inspires abroad. Some may be accurate, some the outcome of ill-considered prejudice. But whatever their relation to fact, they and their like are of little help in determining on what grounds the Russian Revolution may be supposed to have changed the course of history and by what means, indeed, such a cataclysm could ever have been engineered. Yet it is these questions, rather than ephemeral statistics, which should be the concern of Western civilisation, both of its reformers and of its apologists. And in Dr. Hecker's book it is no exaggeration to say that for the first time, at least in the English language, they have at last found an adequate answer.

In dealing with a book of such evident significance it is permissible to state frankly that it is not easy reading. The form chosen is that of conversations between Socratov, an exponent of Bolshevist theory, and a group of American tourists who are intended to represent the various schools of Western thought and thoughtlessness. The conversations, as such, have no reality; Dr. Hecker is too intent on his exposition to bother with the thrust and parry of vivid argument; he simply puts succeeding paragraphs of succeeding lectures into the mouths of different characters. From a literary point of view, moreover, the banal machinery of Marxian expression constitutes a formidable obstacle. Yet this warning is sounded only that those who acquire the book may persevere with it and may not, in addition, be intimidated by the countless errors of spelling and punctuation which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have allowed to disfigure almost every other page.

Professor MacMurray, in his foreword, states that "modern Russia is the first experiment the world has seen in planning a complete social life." That this is not so will be obvious to anyone who has studied the empires of Diocletian or the Incas. But what the Bolshevist effort may reasonably claim is to have been the first to plan a complete social life on the basis of a reasoned, non-mystical yet all-embracing philosophy, a philosophy in other words whose appeal is universal and whose scope is far wider than the theoretical provision of material benefits. Furthermore, it was by the agency of this philosophy that the Bolshevist party was created and eventually came to power. The name of this philosophy is Dialectical Materialism. And it is the content of that forbidding appellation which Dr. Hecker sets out to explain.

The earlier Dialogues are historical in purpose, exhibiting the growth of the Revolutionary parties in Russia and their methods of thought. It was only when industry had created a fluid proletariat of the towns that a Lenin and a Plekhanov could arise, who saw in that proletariat the instrument of revolution postulated by Marx. The derivations of Dialectical Materialism are then discussed, from Spinoza, through the French and English Materialists, to Hegel and Feuerbach, and then from Darwin to Marx and Engels themselves. Dialogue XI states Lenin's position: "I have emphasised the fact," says Socratov, "that Lenin did not consider himself a professional philosopher, that he took to philosophy as a weapon to defend the theoretical basis of the revolutionary movement." Lenin, that is, considered philosophy not as a source of knowledge but as an instrument of change; and it must be admitted that he put the instrument to good use. He gave the system of Dialectics a wider scope than the economic application of it practised by Marx and Engels had previously allowed. "Leninism," writes Stalin, "is the theory and tactics of the proletarian revolution generally, and the theory and tactics of the dictatorship of the proletariat in particular."

It is difficult to explain, without the use of technicalities, the basic theory of Dialectical Materialism as perfected and applied by the Bolsheviks. Its fundamental argument may perhaps be expressed by saying that everything perceived by the senses is real and that everything real holds the seed of organic change. Such a thesis, even as elucidated by Dr. Hecker, can instruct in the main only those who are interested in philosophy as an abstract science. But when it is compared, in later Dialogues, with the "heresies" that have developed since, then its value and attraction as a universal creed become apparent. A just contempt is poured on those inheritors of Slavophil mysticism, such as Berdaiev, who founded a "Free Philosophical Academy" in Moscow immediately after the Revolution, and who now proclaim their theory of a divine revelation to the Russian people from the capitals of Western Europe. But in contrasting the official creed with the mechanistic beliefs that flourished at the time of the Nep, Dr. Hecker reveals in it a profounder virtue than mere adherence to rationalism. For the prime fact emerges that Dialectical Materialism is not Materialism at all in our sense of the word. While the mechanists, like our own Victorian physicists, would reduce everything to a lowest common factor, an indivisible unit whose changes and motions are susceptible to chemical explanation, the Bolshevist creed insists on the distinction between the organic and the inorganic and on the fundamental significance not of the units produced by this or that analysis of perceptible phenomena but of the *relation* between those units. The Bolsheviks hold, in fact, that change is a mystical process, capable in itself of no physical explanation even when initiated by human activity. With this belief they adhere to the greatest of all truths and have succeeded, not without justice, in imposing it on Russia as a vital religion.

The last five of the twenty Dialogues deal with the application of Bolshevist belief to social effort and the results that have come about. Here, it must be admitted, Dr. Hecker is somewhat hampered by the fact that he is a resident in Moscow and that any reference, therefore, to the patent shortcomings of the existing regime is forbidden him. In the Dialogue on aesthetics, for example, he speaks of "the high quality" of Bolshevist art, and ascribes this quality to the absence of the commercial exploitation of art and of the vulgarity thereby induced. Such an argument might be valid if Bolshevist art were of high quality. In actual fact it has no quality at all and no independent existence even, a fact which proves, among a race so gifted artistically as the Russians, that there is a serious discrepancy between the philosophy of the state in theory and in practice. A similar reticence and blindness to facts characterise his remarks on morals and education.

In conclusion, I would put one question which has puzzled me since my return from Russia and which Dr. Hecker, like Marx and Lenin themselves, has failed to answer. On page 103, Socratov quotes the famous passage from *Das Kapital* in which Marx applies the law of organic change to the evolution of the economic state and draws the conclusion that as the capitalist system grows increasingly monopolistic and expropriatory so the seeds are sprouting of that revolution which must inevitably destroy it. It is on the inspiration of this law, and of Marx's application of it, that the Bolshevist state has been founded. But does the law then continue to be applicable to the Bolshevist state, the most supreme instance of monopolistic expropriation that the world has ever seen? And if so, how soon will it begin to work and what will be the result? "Lenin," says Dr. Hecker, "maintains that in socialist society there will be no antagonism, but the immanent contradictions will remain. They are the necessary presuppositions of further development, otherwise socialism would be static, but now it is an endless change of qualitative forms in a classless society." The organic law, it seems, ceases to function, as far as the form of the state is concerned, with the abolition of classes. But is it, then, an organic law? And in a world of specialised and technical pursuits can classes, though not necessarily in our sense of the word, ever be

abolished? On the face of things, the present Russian Government appears to be engaged in a grand effort to intensify rather than to abolish the distinction between the intellectual and the manual working classes. Should this effort, unconscious though it be, succeed, then even according to Lenin the law will continue to function and the doom of the proletariat be encompassed as surely as the doom of the Tsar. ROBERT BYRON

RECENT ADDITIONS TO GREEK AUTHORS

New Chapters in the History of Greek Literature. Third Series. Edited by J. U. POWELL. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

This is the third volume in a very pleasant series, its predecessors (in editing which Mr. E. A. Barber was associated with Mr. Powell) having appeared in 1921 and 1929. The object of the set is to acquaint scholars, and those who read Greek for pleasure, with what additions have been made to our store of Greek literature during the twentieth century. The first two volumes dealt almost entirely with poetry and prose of the fourth and following centuries B.C.—i.e., later Attic or Hellenic. The present volume harks back to the greater classical periods. By far the most interesting, as well as the longest, essays in it are that by Mr. C. M. Bowra on "Earlier Lyric and Elegiac Poetry," and that by Dr. A. W. Pickard-Cambridge on "Tragedy."

The spade and camera of the archaeologist have so enormously increased our knowledge of antiquity on the side of history, religion, ethnology, and plastic art, that by comparison their contributions on that of pure literature have been disappointing. Wordsworth's well-known apostrophe—

> What rapture! could ye seize
> Some Theban fragment, or unroll
> One precious tender-hearted scroll
> Of pure Simonides—

was composed in 1819. (Incidentally it shows how good and discriminating a reader of Greek he was; for, of all ancient authors known to us by scraps only, Simonides, on the strength of the Danae fragment and the Persian War epitaphs, may most confidently be presumed among the world's great poets.) But though the yields to scholarship since then have been varied and fairly important, the yields to pure letters have been small; and the best of them fell within the nineteenth century. Nothing subsequent has been discovered as good in its way as the Odes of Bacchylides; nor is there anything recorded in the present volume which, for fresh appeal to the poetic imagination, can touch his fifth Ode's picture of Meleager and Herakles meeting in the underworld.

Nevertheless Mr. Bowra is able substantially to enlarge our knowledge of the Greek lyric writers. Sappho, Alcaeus, Ibycus, Pindar and Corinna have all received notable additions to their printed works during this century. The best are Sappho's, yet they are very tantalising; for owing to the dreadfully tattered state of the papyri, while we can infer quite a lot of general information about her work—the number and arrangement of its books and the probable total number of lines—we have not recovered a single complete new poem. Of several, however, we have a good deal; and while they are very charming, the question arises how far they increase her reputation. Their language, says Mr. Bowra,

> is of an unsurpassed clarity and grace. There is a complete absence of literary artifice, and the effect is that of the spoken word raised to its highest power of concentration and melody.

I think that is partly justified, though I should omit the superlatives; for in these very respects the best work of Catullus may claim to be at least as good and perhaps superior. But little, if anything, in the new fragments is *supremely* memorable for the imagination; they do not corroborate in that way the rare best that we had of Sappho before. On the other hand their general effect is to emphasise the narrowness of her scope—so very much narrower than that of Catullus or Heine or even Burns, the three writers whom, so far as she goes, she most anticipates.

Of Alcaeus, the other great Lesbian, the fragments are too battered and incomplete to carry high literary values; but they do widen our knowledge of his subjects and range. Pindar, of course, is in different case from the rest of the lyrists, since every scholar knows the Epinikian odes as a solid *corpus*. The chief interest of his main new fragments is that they belong to poems of

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SECKER

other types—Paeans, Dithyrambs, and Songs for Maidens—and that (except in the last instance) they reproduce the familiar peculiarities of his style; which are thus shown to be Pindaric and not Epinikian. Of kindred appeal to the modern reader are the considerable new fragments of Corinna, Pindar's feminine mentor and rival—unique for their pure Bœotianism, yet showing some Lesbian influence.

Dr. Pickard-Cambridge's paper on "Tragedy" (admirably illustrated from vase-paintings) brings home even more than Mr. Bowra's the limited possibility of recovering literature *quâ* literature from papyri. The material is so perishable, so brittle, that it is a rare fortune to get a strip which contains the whole width of an iambic line. Fragments of many unknown plays have been found—some by Sophocles, some by Euripides, some by unknown authors; and in not a few instances we have hundreds of lines, of which none is complete, or even reasonably completable. What do we get from it all? A great deal of new light on myths and plots, and some on the minds and methods of Sophocles and Euripides, but not much new poetry. There are a fair number of continuous iambic passages of ten to twenty lines. Some are extremely vigorous, others good average iambics; while others, again, might almost have been written in an English Sixth Form, and show how conventionalised the drama became in lesser hands. The only piece of real poetic excitement is a dawn chorus from Euripides' *Phaethon*. And yet Dr. Pickard-Cambridge has written a most fascinating paper. It is a fine achievement in organising a mass of dead material and making it somehow alive.

The rest of the volume is of minor interest. The Greek novel is not so precious a thing that one can muster much enthusiasm over traces of lost ones. The article which comprises Menander does not comprise—on the ground that they are too well-known—the 1,600 lines found in 1906, which are the single most important Greek literary discovery of the twentieth century. Important, alas! not for what they brought, but rather for the hopes which they swept away. For Menander is the one ancient author whose fame the papyri have destroyed. His is the single proved case in which a Greek, whom antiquity ranked as a first-rate author, appears by modern standards a second-rater.

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IS THE LEAGUE A FAILURE?

The League of Nations in Theory and Practice. By C. K. WEBSTER, with some chapters on International Co-operation by HERBERT SYDNEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.*

The League on Trial; A Journey to Geneva. By MAX BEER. Translated from the German by W. H. JOHNSTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 15*s.*

These two books are very apposite to the moment. For anyone who does not believe that bloodshed is the finest tonic for civilisation, the spectacle of what we call international affairs is, wherever he may look in the world to-day, absolutely terrifying. The Prussian militarism and the international anarchy which we knew in the early days of this enlightened century were a mere kindergarten to the acrid nationalism, protectionism, and jingoism of our Mussolinis, Hitlers, Japanese militarists, and Sir John Simons. It seems hardly possible that these pinchbeck Napoleons and sharp little legal patriots will not between them succeed sooner or later in landing us all in another world war, and as they build their tariffs and amass their armaments and put on their embargoes and stoke up the hatreds and aid and abet aggressors, one asks oneself again and again: "But what about the League? Is the League a failure?" It is a question which hundreds of people are asking themselves to-day, and many ordinary persons, who used with a considerable amount of conviction if without much knowledge to support the League as an instrument of peace, have during the last twelve months lost all faith in it. The appositeness of these two books is that, read together, they raise the same question very vividly in the mind of an attentive reader.

The two books look at the same facts and describe them from two exactly opposite points of view. The League, its history, machinery, secretariat, court, what it is and how it works—this is the theme of both books. On any statement of fact you will probably find the two books in agreement, and yet in interpretation of facts and in their general picture of the League they are in complete disagreement. It is not that one is a bad and the other a good book, or even that one is right and the other wrong; each of them has merits in its own way and there is probably just as much to be said for Herr Beer's view as for Professor Webster's. Professor Webster takes the view, common in England up to the beginning of this year, that the League was gradually developing into a powerful international organisation for regulating the relations between states and preventing war. Herr Beer takes the view that it is a sham and failure. Being a good German he takes the German view that its failure is due to its being a League of the victorious powers to enforce an unrighteous peace. That is only a very small part of the truth, and if the League fails its failure will go much deeper into international society than the Treaty of Versailles and into human psychology than the mood that produced that treaty. Nevertheless, his book, with all its irritating journalistic exaggeration and superficiality, is well worth reading in order to contrast his interpretations with the orthodox British view of the League given by Professor Webster. With the memory of the Sino-Japanese affair in one's brain and the taste of the Disarmament Conference still in one's mouth, one may feel no more inclined to accept Professor Webster's optimistic complacency than Herr Beer's exaggerated animosity.

SHORTER NOTICES

Thunder in Their Veins. By LEONE B. MOATS. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Since Mrs. Moats's book is about Mexico, we might suspect, from its title, that she had been influenced by D. H. Lawrence. But the fact is quite otherwise. Mrs. Moats is an American who has lived for over twenty years in Mexico; and those who live in Mexico have little time to spend on theories and convictions; they are fully occupied in weathering political hurricanes, dodging bullets, escaping from centres of disturbance, surviving train attacks, and learning to retain a certain calmness in conditions that would exhaust the inexperienced citizen in a week. This is the state of affairs that Mrs. Moats describes. Her book is neither a history of Mexican revolutions nor an autobiography; it is a breathless narrative that includes something of both factors. If the title were *Blood and Thunder* it would be appropriate, though crude. But Mexico is rich in crudity. The author sketches at first hand several of the determined men who paid for their momentary power by violent deaths. Written in a vivid and easy style, her account brims with amazing tales of callous brutality that would be inconceivable in any other country. To lighten them there is a good sprinkling of

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comic opera episodes, such as that of the strong man who survived two attempts to hang him, irritably asked to be shot instead, and was salvaged to become a general's aide-de-camp.

Mary Stuart: Forgotten Forgeries. By SIR GEORGE TURNER. *Rich and Cowan.* 10s. 6d.

The forgotten forgeries which give the sub-title to Sir George Turner's vindication of Mary Stuart are the letters, purporting to be from Mary to Bothwell, which, translated from the French by Edward Simmons, Christ Church, Oxford were published by him in 1726 and again by Hugh Campbell in 1824. The originals were said to have been in the possession of a gentleman at Oxford in 1726, and it was alleged were found in Bothwell's secretary's closet after his decease. Generally ignored by Mary's defenders and traducers, the letters are of very dubious provenance, but, for purposes of argument, Sir George assumes that they were forgeries of the time written to supplement and perhaps to accompany the famous Casket Letters, but were not used, for the very good reason that while implicating Mary they also implicated her bitterest enemies. There is nothing in their style to indicate their period, the French originals are unknown and the English is nearer to Jane Austen than to that of the Casket Letters. Sir George suggests that they were composed by Lethington. But apart from their ingenuity, the knowledge they display, and the blunders they make, there is no evidence of origin. For the rest Sir George goes over the old controversies and ranges himself on the side of those who hold that Mary was innocent of Darnley's murder. Really, however, all that we can be sure of is this: Mary Stuart was lovely and gay and courageous, generous and kind and tolerant. She was abominably treated by the rogues and sectaries by whom she was surrounded, and had she been a Tudor princess she would probably have murdered them all, and been amazed at her moderation.

Hot Air in Cold Blood. By BRIGADIER-GEN. GUY LIVINGSTON. C.M.G. *Selwyn and Blount.* 18s.

General Livingston, after serving for a time in the Yeomanry and as a Territorial officer in a London regiment, became interested in flying, and was one of the first to impress upon the military authorities the potential value of the aeroplane in war. After seeing service with his regiment in France he was sent home on sick-leave, and transferred to the Flying Corps, rising to high rank in the organisation and personnel department of the R.F.C. and the R.A.F. His reminiscences provide one of the best inside stories of War Office methods that has been published, a record unfortunately marred by an offensive reference to Mr. Leslie Henson, who for a time was an aircraftman while still acting in the theatre. Those who remember the working of the Derby scheme know that many men quite unfit for active service were forced into uniform. This apparently happened to Mr. Henson. General Livingston saw him one evening dining at the Savoy with a "very pretty girl," and the sight of a mere private enjoying the amenities of life, to which as a civilian he had been accustomed, was a challenge few Brass Hats at that time could resist. General Livingston at once proceeded to make things uncomfortable for Aircraftman Henson, who, having powerful friends, was presently removed from the General's control. This apparently has rankled, hence the telling of a story the point of which is quite other than its author believes it to be, and is likely to strike unbiased readers as a lamentable breach of good manners.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA

This is the INDIA LEAGUE DELEGATION'S REPORT, referred to in last week's "New Statesman and Nation," page 567; it contains factual accounts of the congress, the policy of the Government, the ordinances, the prisons, the press, the villages, etc.

Preface by BERTRAND RUSSELL

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ESSENTIAL NEWS

65 Portland Place, London, W.1

About Motoring

SPEED LIMITS AND DRIVING TESTS

I PROPOSE in this article to deal with certain implications of Mr. T. C. Foley's letter in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of April 29th. In common with a good deal of matter published by people whose chief interests are walking or cycling, it seems to make a perfectly damnable assumption which is grossly unwarranted. Some of these publicists have managed to convince themselves that motorists in the mass are callous; that they are not shocked and horrified at the holocaust of the roads, as non-motorists are assumed to be shocked and horrified; and that they are more concerned to protect themselves against restrictive and repressive regulations than to safeguard the general body of road users. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Every year a number of men and women give up driving simply because they are terrified of being involved in some horrible occurrence. The motoring journals adopt an editorial policy of minimising references to accidents for fear of frightening actual and potential motorists off the roads. Many owners adopt a self-denying ordinance in respect of week-end and holiday motoring in the interests of safety first. In such feelings and actions there is undoubtedly an element of self-interest, but there is equally a strong factor of compassion and altruism. In company with many other writers on motoring I find myself devoting a far larger percentage of my space to the subject than ever before. I give publicity to every rational proposal aimed at increasing road safety, irrespective of whether it tickles a motoring palate or not. Most responsible motorists are quite as eager to reduce the casualty list as the committee of the Pedestrians' Association itself.

So if we motorists can raise no fervid enthusiasm for speed limits and driving tests, Mr. Foley and his friends must realise that our indifference is rational and devoid of self-interest. If I try to convert myself experimentally and for the moment into a completely selfish motorist, I simply do not care two hoots whether the Government restores the speed limit and institutes driving tests or not. I can pass any driving test in the world without a second's anxiety. It is improbable that a speed limit could affect my driving methods by so much as a hair. Frankly, when a speed limit was in force, I drove well under that limit when road conditions suggested such a course; and I ignored that limit when a straight, open road exposed its idiocy. If I had sighted a policeman when I was defying the limit, I should certainly have slowed down a little, since one cannot tell at first sight whether a strange policeman is a hidebound bureaucrat or a fool. But in actual fact policemen often saw me travelling at double the speed limit and more, and never summoned me, because they had the sense to see that I was not endangering anybody. The Road Traffic Act, as everybody knows, abolished the speed limit because it is always difficult for the police to establish the actual speed of a car, and in practice the authorities have always found it easier to obtain convictions for reckless or dangerous driving. Therefore, if anybody can prove that a speed limit is a safeguard, there will be no frenzied resistance from motorists to its restoration. The simple fact is that the police do not want it. Cannot Mr. Foley realise that it is quite difficult to prove that a car is travelling at 31½ miles an hour? It requires at the very least two skilled and trained men, two expensive watches and a measured distance, equipment which is seldom available where acts of road misconduct occur. If the fact of speed can be proved, it is usually immaterial, for a speed of 31½ m.p.h. is not in itself dangerous, though related circumstances may on occasions make it extremely dangerous. These related circumstances are the vital issue of

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The Right Hon. Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, Chairman of Spillers Limited, presiding at the annual general meeting of the Company on Saturday, at Cardiff, said that the trading profit for the year was £353,446, which, added to the balance of profit on sale of investments (£161,719), made a total of £515,165. After transferring £150,000 to the investment reserve and making provision for directors' remuneration, interest on sinking fund notes, preference dividend and the interim dividend on the ordinary stock, there was £400,319 to be taken to the balance sheet. The directors proposed to pay a final dividend of 12½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock, making 15 per cent. for the year, and 10 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary stock. The amount to be carried forward to the next account was £165,228.

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A SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The Company had had another successful year, and showed a balance sheet of which any body of shareholders might be proud. Government interference was, however, having a marked effect on the Company's trade. Owing to the action of the Irish Free State Government a profitable trade of nearly a million sacks a year had been lost to the milling industry, and the Company had borne its full share of that loss. The Wheat Act, too, had a disturbing influence on the industry on account of fluctuations, actual and possible, in the amount of the levy imposed by the Wheat Commission to enable that body to subsidise the wheat growing farmers. The fact, also, that the Commission had recently defined some of the Company's fine wheatfeed as flour, and thus liable to the levy, put the Company in a difficult position as regards its animal foods trade. Neither must the effects of the Ottawa Conference be overlooked. The milling industry was fortunate in having had a strong delegation there, who were able to stave off the disaster of a Dominion quota; a 2s. duty had, however, been imposed on every quarter of foreign wheat, which made it still easier for dumping importers to compete with British millers.

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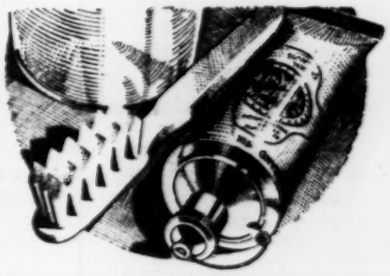

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Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

any case, are far easier to establish than pure speed, and require no special equipment for their demonstration. Disprove all this, and motorists will readily accept a speed limit.

Mr. Foley considers that motorists who pour scorn on driving tests are out of touch with the facts. I am personally consulted every year by a very large number of people who are buying their first cars. I can assure him that they are all extremely timid about their initial experiments on the road. In thirty-six years of motoring experience I have only known two cases of novices taking the wheel without extended tuition, and both cases occurred many years ago when traffic was light. No rational person will venture casually into the vortex of modern traffic. It is an alarming experience for a man or woman to take the wheel, even after a full series of lessons on a dual control car with the aid of an expert instructor. But if my experience is unusual, as Mr. Foley avers, we motorists have not the faintest objection to driving tests. All experienced drivers can pass them. We are careful to have our children properly trained before we let them go out alone at the wheel. If the Government should elect to appoint examiners, the fee per head will be small, and we would gladly pay it if it enhanced road safety. Our objection to such tests is quite mild; we are convinced that they would serve no useful purpose, and we object to the multiplication of bureaucrats. We motorists of experience know perfectly well how accidents occur, and we do not believe that any official driving test could succeed in identifying the sort of person who is responsible for an accident sooner or later. After all, only a comparatively small percentage of accidents occur between two motorists. One of the parties is more often than not a pedestrian or a cyclist or some other type of road user than a motorist. Still, the contributory parties must be tackled separately, and we are all searching for remedies for the motorist's blunders and guilts. Veteran motorists like myself can recall an age when the roads were comparatively empty. Danger was never in our minds except when a cyclist behaved queerly in the country, or a pedestrian blundered in a town. To-day the roads are so full that danger is ever-present in our minds. The kaleidoscopic congestion of our roads has wrought the change. They are so full, and the situation changes so swiftly that emergencies occur with colossal frequency; and when their incidence is continuous, a percentage baffles solution by ordinary folk. This applies equally to walker, cyclist, horse-driver and motorist. The remedy must include a reduction of the emergencies, and a training of all road users in grappling with them. Neither aspect of the problem is at all simple; but now that the national conscience is so profoundly stirred we may hope for the arising of some constructive and luminous reformer. He has not spoken yet.

R. E. DAVIDSON

"My duty to save people from ruining their feet"

SIR HERBERT BARKER

the eminent Specialist in Manipulative Surgery, when asked for permission to manufacture the shoe, as designed and worn by himself, not only agreed but added:

"With the greatest pleasure, for I consider it my duty to save people from ruining their feet by the atrocious instruments of torture which are the common order of the day, and tell them about the shoes which have meant so much to me."

The Sir Herbert Barker Shoe is built on true-to-nature lines. Every normal foot can be fitted, and comfort is assured from the first time of wearing.

Obtainable from Charles H. Baber, Ltd., 302-308, Regent Street, London, W.1. City Agents:—W. Marshall, Ltd., 29, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. North London Agents:—Mulholland's, 410, Holloway Road, N.7, and branches. Also Agents in all large towns.

Send postcard for free booklet describing Sir Herbert Barker's successful search for his ideal shoe.

Dept. 8, NORVIC SHOE CO., NORTHAMPTON.

The SIR HERBERT BARKER Shoe

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 20.—THE COINERS

During the great round-up of suspected dealers in counterfeit coin the police raided an empty house near Lisson Grove, which they had reason to believe had very recently been used as a coiner's den. In a room at the top of the house they found suspicious signs, though nothing approaching tangible proof of coining; but when they unrolled a wad of paper used to prop up a mirror in one of the bedrooms, they found it to consist of a page torn out of an auctioneer's sale catalogue, with some cryptic letters written in the blank space below the imprint, which they have been unable to decipher. The page is reproduced below, in the hope that someone may be able to assist them by discovering the message.

LOT

201 Unframed engraving: "The Brothers."
202 Ormolu French timepiece.
203 Lustre ornaments (pair).
204 Italian figure panel in gilt frame.
205 Roman lamp and stand.
206 Oval mahogany table.
207 Handsome carved oak dower-chest.
208 Engine-turned silver cigar-case.
209 Doulton goblet vase (chipped).
210 Wedgwood cheese-dish and cover.
211 Brass candlesticks (pair), fitted electric light.
212 Willow pattern tea service (34 pieces).
213 Water-colour by E. J. Baddeley (1884).
214 Satsuma vases (pair).
215 Grandfather clock, Wm. Lasseter, Abingdon.
216 Copper fire-screen.
217 Green and gold jug and 14 other ornaments.
218 New Century Dictionary (12 vols.) in oak case.
219 Axminster carpet, 12ft. by 9ft. 6in.
220 Carved walnut elbow chair.
221 Buhl console table.
222 Linoleum as laid.
223
224
225

NRD IHO HSE UAE DHI RHS EEB NHU ANG.

PROBLEM 18.—THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DERELICT'S

The dice should be lettered
NNNDDR
and AAAAAE respectively.

This gives the maximum "expectation," which works out at $10\frac{19}{21}d.$

The solution can be found by trial from a table of frequency distributions, weighted in accordance with the arbitrary values assigned to various results.

A wide diversity of solutions has been submitted to this problem. The nearest try to the correct solution is

NNDDDR
AAAAAE

which gives an expectation only $\frac{5}{16}d.$ less.

PROBLEM 17.—A LEAP IN THE DARK

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to: R. H. Thouless, The Anchorage, Garscadder Road, Bearsden, Glasgow.

There were forty-six correct and forty-eight incorrect solutions. On the cumulative-point basis, *nine* points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

COMPANY MEETING

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY

RECORD NEW LIFE BUSINESS

The Annual General Court of the Alliance Assurance Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday at the Head Office, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.

Mr. Lionel N. de Rothschild, O.B.E. (the chairman), presiding, said (in part):—

In the life department the net new business, which amounted to £3,352,757, was larger by £129,962 than in 1931, and is greater than in any previous year in the history of the company. Towards this increase the "Alliance" Family Protection Policy, which was introduced in the autumn of 1931, contributed materially. We believe that this comparatively inexpensive method of providing substantial extra cover during the early years of assurance will become increasingly popular as time passes.

A feature in the account is the large increase in the annuity considerations received during the year. Immediately after the announcement of the Government's Conversion Scheme for the Five per Cent. War Loan, inquiries for annuities were received in large numbers. Our rates for annuities have been increased twice since that date, but the business still continues to be offered to us to an extent substantially in excess of previous years. This, of course, is due to the change in the financial outlook.

In the fire account it is gratifying that there is an increase of nearly £22,000 in the premium income notwithstanding the difficult times. The losses have been somewhat heavier than in the previous year, but the loss ratio is still exceedingly moderate. There has been an increase in the expenses, which is to be regretted, but it is due mainly to the necessity of protecting our business against attacks by our competitors. Members will no doubt regard the surplus transferred from this account to profit and loss account—£460,012—as quite satisfactory, as it is only some £9,000 less than the surplus of the previous year.

Members will be equally satisfied with the working of the accident department during the year.

In the motor section the results are very much the same as in 1931. During the year the terms of our motor insurance policies have been revised and the principle of a "progressive no-claim bonus" has been introduced.

New Form of Insurance

During the year one new form of insurance has been introduced to which I should like to refer. As you know, Four per Cent. Victory Bonds were issued to the public at 85 per cent., and in the old days one of the advantages offered was that a certain proportion of the bonds would be drawn every year for repayment at par. The altered financial conditions, however, have now made this a definite disadvantage, and with the bonds standing in the market at about 110 the prospect of being drawn for repayment at par is not so satisfactory.

The holder is faced with the risk of capital loss if his bonds are drawn, and yet may be reluctant to sell owing to the difficulty of finding an alternative investment of equal character. To meet such cases the company now issues policies under which, for a small premium, the holder of a bond which is drawn will be paid the difference between the market value of the bond at the time the insurance is effected and the par value. I may say that a considerable number of these policies have been taken out with the company, and we are willing and anxious to issue as many as may be required, for the more bonds we insure the greater is the spread of the risk.

Continued Progress of Trustee Department

The trustee department continues to progress, and we are glad to find that many of our shareholders are sending business to this department of the company. The appointment of a corporation such as the "Alliance" as executor or trustee is becoming more popular as the obvious advantages of such a course become more widely realised.

And now turning to the profit and loss account, you will notice that we have applied £78,119 in writing down the book values of office premises; £50,000 of this amount is in respect of the cost of the new building. In addition we have transferred £100,000 to reserve.

The Investments

With reference to our investments, the rise during the year has been considerable, and the book values are well below the market values in the aggregate. This leads me to refer to the financial outlook, which at the present moment is still obscure. It seems extremely probable that, apart from market fluctuations which must occur from time to time, high-class securities will remain on a lower interest basis than they have been since 1918; in other words, that a substantially lower yield on investments has to be faced. The most serious effect of this will be in the life department. Life business generally has been transacted in this country for some years on the basis that the net rate of interest that can be realised would be about 4 per cent. It seems obvious that this can no longer be anticipated, and although an improvement in the rates of mortality may mitigate this to a certain extent, life policyholders will have to be prepared for reduced bonuses in the future. After paying a tribute to the loyal co-operation of the staff, the chairman moved the resolution and the report was unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

RECORD OF SUCCESSFUL EXPANSION

The annual general Court of the London Assurance was held on Wednesday last at 1, King William Street, E.C.

Mr. R. Olaf Hambro (the Governor) said that on this first occasion of his meeting the shareholders in his new capacity as Governor, he took the opportunity of publicly acknowledging the services rendered to the Corporation by Mr. Colin Campbell, the late Governor, who had occupied the chair with such outstanding ability during the past nineteen years. During Mr. Campbell's Governorship no less than four subsidiary companies had become associated with the parent Corporation, while in 1923 the organisation was further developed by the establishment in New York of the Manhattan Fire and Marine Insurance Company. He ventured to think that this record of successful expansion was one with which the shareholders had reason to be gratified, and they were indebted to Mr. Campbell for the conspicuous part which he had played in its achievement.

Currency Adjustments

In view of the depreciation of sterling in relation to the United States and the Canadian dollar they had deemed it prudent to depart from their old-established practice of calculating these currencies at the arbitrary rate of $5 to the £ and to adjust their figures to the rates actually obtaining at the end of the year, which were, of course, considerably lower than those at present ruling. They had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the whole of the currency obligations of the Corporation throughout the world had been brought into account at the rates of exchange current on December 31 last.

Record New Life Business

With regard to the individual accounts, the Life Fund had increased during the year by £446,000, while the total of the net new business, amounting to over £2,075,000, was not only £279,000 higher than the total of 1931, but was also the highest figure which they had ever attained.

Premiums were higher by £58,000, and the Consideration for Annuities Granted increased by £34,000. The amount of interest received was higher at £296,000, and the net yield on the Fund at £4 7s. 11d. per cent. was only 1s. 1d. per cent. less than in 1931. While it was gratifying to be able to report the maintenance of so satisfactory a rate of interest during the year under review, it was only right to state that with the continuing and progressive fall in the value of money a downward trend in the return on their investments was inevitable, but he could assure them that every care was being taken to achieve the best possible results in this respect without sacrifice of security, and he was glad to be able to tell them in this connection that the small deficit of £41,000 on their security values at the end of 1931 had been transformed by the end of 1932 into a very handsome surplus.

The results of the Fire Department had again been disappointing, the underwriting loss amounting to over £33,000 on a premium income of over £2,500,000. In the home field they had had the worst loss experience for twenty years, but the dominant factor was that their operations in the United States—and on a smaller scale in Canada—had resulted in a debit, which annulled the profitable working elsewhere.

The Marine Account had produced an even better result than at the end of 1931, so that, after they had transferred £170,800 to profit and loss, there was left a Fund higher by £44,000, and showing an increased ratio of 103.8 per cent.

The Accident Account showed a marked improvement, for, whereas they had felt it necessary at the end of 1931 to transfer £135,000 from profit and loss to support the Funds of this department, they had on this occasion found it possible to make part restitution by transferring to profit and loss £65,210, or about £44,000 more than the amount of interest credited.

Profit and Loss Account

Turning to the profit and loss account, the total sum available for disposal was £751,697, and after providing for the dividends to preference and ordinary shareholders, for sundry expenses and for the premium on the Preference Share Redemption Policy, there remained £465,065. Of this amount they had reserved £50,000 as provision for taxation, and £50,000 had been transferred to Contingencies Account, increasing that Fund to £250,000. It would be observed that these allocations had not been made at the expense of the carry forward, which was about £2,000 more than the amount brought in.

The combined assets of the Corporation had now reached the record total of £15,750,000, or over £1,250,000 more than they were a year ago, and more than 25 per cent. of those assets were represented by investments in British Government securities.

Notwithstanding the general decline in interest rates, their income from investments, apart from Life, increased during the year by about £15,000, and was thus sufficient to cover the dividend paid with a small margin to spare, a margin increased to over £20,000 if there was included the proportion of the shareholders' profits from the Life Department appropriable to the past year.

The total underwriting profit earned by the parent company and its subsidiaries together showed a threefold improvement on the figures of 1931, and this result might, in view of all the circumstances and the extremely difficult conditions which had prevailed, be regarded with satisfaction.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE GOLD CLAUSE AND DEVALUATION—INDIA AND AUSTRALIA CONVERSIONS—ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL TRAGEDY—AMALGAMATED METAL

THE sort of shudder which would pass down an officers' mess if a distinguished guest refused to rise to the toast of the King passed over the City when the United States refused to honour the "gold clause." Most loans issued in America, whether domestic or foreign, contain a clause specifying payment in "gold coins of the United States of the present standard of weight and fineness," a clause designed to protect the holder against currency depreciation. It is a little hard that the clause should be repudiated by the U.S. Government as soon as the currency depreciation has occurred. Foreign governments with depreciated currencies have so far honoured their U.S. gold obligations—at least up to the time of absolute default. It may, of course, be argued that the law now prohibits the export or use of gold in America, but there is no law to stop debtors paying an extra amount of paper dollars equivalent to the dollar's depreciation in terms of gold. Till a new law is passed absolving debtors from their gold obligations or devaluing the dollar and making it illegal to pay debts except in devalued dollars, the repudiation of the gold clause is cheating. We sincerely hope that President Roosevelt will get busy and legalise the gold fraud by devaluing the dollar, say, by 20 per cent. There is another good reason why he should introduce a devaluation bill. Holland, France and the rest of the gold-standard relics will be forced to devalue, so that the nations will approach the World Economic Conference on an equal footing and with every determination, in the face of currency chaos, to agree upon a provisional return to a reformed gold standard. There was a flight from the guilder this week and some nervousness about the franc. We respect the honourable fight which these governments are putting up to preserve their currencies from depreciation, but after the lighthearted or deliberate abandonment of the gold standard by the United States we hope that they will not carry honour to the point of obstinacy. Get these two currencies pushed off the gold standard and we can probably make a currency success of the World Economic Conference.

* * *

Almost any redeemable stock issued at a discount will go like hot cakes in these days when the investor is confronted either with irredeemable stocks or with redeemable stocks standing at high premiums. The success of the new £12,000,000 India Government loan was therefore assured. A 4 per cent. stock dated 1948/53 issued at 97½, allowing a yield of £4 3*s*. 6*d*. per cent. to final redemption, shows the remarkable improvement which has taken place in India Government credit—thanks to a balanced budget and the export of nearly £100 millions of gold from hoards. In September, 1931, India Government stocks were yielding between 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. The last sterling loan was raised in April, 1932, when a 5 per cent. stock was issued at 95 (it is now quoted at 111). For the sake of those who "stag" the new 4 per cent. loan, we hope that Mr. Gandhi will live to see the dealings start. The success of the India loan will whet the appetite of the Australian Government. The fact that £7 millions of the £12 millions India issue is for the purpose of repaying the India 6 per cent. bonds 1933/35 reminds us that the Australian Government has nearly £45 millions of 6½ per cent. and 6 per cent. loans which can be called this year. If we include the 5¾ per cent., 5½ per cent. and 5 per cent. loans, there is a total of over £84 millions which Australia is waiting to convert. We understand that the Commonwealth Government has made it clear to the British Treasury that an Australian conversion operation this year is a political as well as a financial necessity. Everyone in Australia has made a sacrifice whether he is bondholder, salaried man or wage earner. Only the British holders of Australian bonds have failed to do their bit. Unless a lower rate of interest can be secured on the Australian external debt there is almost bound to be a political storm. Is the British Treasury prepared to relax its restrictions on gilt-edged issues? Until it has funded a sufficient proportion of the floating debt into the new 2½ per cent. Conversion loan it will probably set its face against big conversion operations on the part of Australia. Nevertheless, a 4 per cent. Australian loan, issued at a fair discount, would probably go well with the market.

* * *

The new concession of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has to be read in order to be believed. It is unfair to criticise Sir John Cadman for his part in the negotiations. For all we know he may have been ordered by the British Foreign Office to bring back a concession dead or alive in order to avoid unpleasant publicity at Geneva. The new concession at any rate keeps the company alive (ostensibly for sixty years) even if it subjects it to a lingering death in a period of low oil prices. Apart from the loss of half its territory and of the exclusive right for pipelines, which may or may not be of great practical importance, the unpleasant part of the new concession for the Anglo-Persian shareholders is that in place of the old royalty of 16 per cent. of the "net profits" the company must pay (1) 4*s*. a ton on oil sold in Persia or exported (2) 20 per cent. of the net profits, whether made in Persia or abroad, after £671,000 (5 per cent.) has been paid on the ordinary shares; (3) 20 per cent. of any distribution from the general reserve; (4) minimum taxation in Persia of £225,000 during the first fifteen years, £300,000 during the second fifteen years, etc., and (5) compensation in the event of further depreciation of the pound sterling. The basic price for oil sold in Persia is to be the Gulf of Mexico or Roumania price, whichever is lower. To-day's export price of American crude oil (the lower) of Anglo-Persian quality is under 20*s*. per ton. A minimum royalty of 4*s*. per ton is, therefore, over 20 per cent. of the present market price. This is an extortionate tax seeing that the average American royalty is 12½ per cent. in the mid-continent districts and 15 per cent. in California. On the 1931 results the new royalty would have been disastrous. Production then amounted to 5,317,000 tons and the royalty payable to £134,750. This indicated net profits of £842,500 (the royalty then being 16 per cent.). If the royalty had been 4*s*. per ton, the company would have paid £1,063,400, involving the shareholders in a net loss on the trading of its Persian oil of £220,900. Presumably the new concession is not retrospective, but the ordinary shareholders can hardly expect a higher dividend than 5 per cent. for 1932. Yet the £1 shares are quoted at 1 11/16.

* * *

There is this much to be said for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company—that if higher oil prices are not realised this year many other great oil combines will be facing losses. At the moment prices are falling to new low levels in America and the diversion of Russian oil from the British to European markets will bring further price-cutting and the end of the Paris Oil Agreement. The oil business is not the money-maker that it was. On all sides it is exposed to Government interference and exactions. A tax on oil is so easily collected that it is the first source of revenue that a Chancellor of the Exchequer taps when he is short of money. That petrol which can be imported into this country at 2½*d*. per gallon should carry a tax of 8*d*.—320 per cent.—is monstrous enough. (The tax on whisky is mild in comparison.) The new tax of 1*d*. per gallon on fuel oils represents a 50 per cent. addition to the fuel costs of many industrial users of furnace oil who cannot for technical reasons change over to coal. In America there is a new Federal tax of 1 cent per gallon on gasoline and 4 cents per gallon on lubricating oil in addition to the State taxes of 1 to 3 cents on gasoline. The Shell Union in 1932 made an operating loss of $4.3 millions after paying $4½ millions in property and franchise taxes and $36.9 millions in gasoline taxes. Penal taxation is not the only trouble for the oil industry. There is a bill before the French Senate (which will probably be thrown out on this occasion) for the State monopoly of the refining, transporting and marketing of oil products. In America President Roosevelt is proposing an Oil Bill to give the Secretary of the Interior power to fix output quotas for the States, to make production in excess of the quotas illegal, and to divorce the pipelines from the control of the oil combines. In the good old days oil companies were powerful and wealthy enough to bribe Governments to do their will. Well might Sir Henri Deterding, surveying the Royal Dutch-Shell works to-day, utter Solomon's words: "There is no profit under the sun."

* * *

For an investment in metals which is less speculative than buying tin, copper or silver shares we would draw attention to Amalgamated Metal. For the year to April 30th, 1933, the company is paying a dividend of 3 per cent. At the present price of 16*s*. 9*d*. the return is therefore small, but as the company is the largest metal brokerage house in the country, and as its commissions increase with an increase in the price of metals as well as with an increase in turnover, its 1933–34 earnings may be on a much larger scale. The company is an amalgamation of British Metal Corporation and Henry Gardner and acts as brokers to the leading British metal-producing companies, including International Nickel Company of Canada. The shares have risen from 13*s*. to the present price of 16*s*. 9*d*. in the last few weeks.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. A Bit of a Test. Wed., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Wild Violets. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Children in Uniform. Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. The Day I Forgot. Wed & Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. The Green Bay Tree. Tu., F.

SAVOY. Jolly Roger. Wed. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. The Lake. Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404. 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
A BIT OF A TEST.
By Ben Travers.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
May 15 for one week at 8 p.m. (Sat. at 5 p.m. & 8.15 p.m.)
THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE.
By Sir Arthur Pinero.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8243 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat. at 2.30. LAST 2 WEEKS.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
REDUCED THEATRE PRICES 2/- to 6/-, including tax.

GLOBE. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., W., S., 2.30. Ger. 1592.
DOROTHY HALL in
THE DAY I FORGOT.
SEBASTIAN SHAW and FRANK CELLIER.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri. at 2.30.
THE GREEN BAY TREE
by Mordaunt Shairp.

SAVOY. Evgs. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. B. 8888.
GEORGE ROBEY in
JOLLY ROGER.
Prices from 12/6 to 2/-, including tax.

WESTMINSTER THEATRE. Vic. 0283 & 0284.
Palace St., Buckingham Gate, S.W. Adm. 2/5 to 10/6.
EVGS., 8.30. WED. & SAT., 2.30. (*Last Weeks*).
MARIE NEY in **THE LAKE.**
By Dorothy Massingham and Murray Macdonald.

PICTURE THEATRES

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
12 Noon. (Sundays from 6 p.m.)
EDGAR WALLACE'S
Mighty Screen Fantasy
KING KONG

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
ROBT. MONTGOMERY, SALLY EILERS.
THE GIRL I MADE.
NANCY CARROLL, JOHN BOLES
CHILD OF MANHATTAN.

RESTAURANTS

WHEN RULES say "the very best food beautifully cooked," they mean it! Lunch, Dinner and Late Supper. Licensed till midnight. Estd. 1780. Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A course of three Lectures on "THE EXCAVATIONS AT EPHESUS" will be given by PROFESSOR ADOLF DEISSMANN (Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin), at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on MAY 22nd, 23rd and 24th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by the Rev. A. E. Garvie, M.A., D.D., D.Th. (Principal of Hackney and New College, Hampstead).
ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. Worsley,
Academic Registrar.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, May 14th, at 11 a.m.
S. K. RATCLIFFE.
President Roosevelt's Dictatorship.
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUNG MEN, living unsatisfactory lives because of nervous trouble or other difficulties, find home and qualified psychological treatment in country house. Delightful surroundings. Box 330, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

A CAR FOR THE SUMMER. Austin 12 tourer (4-seater), in excellent running order. You could resell after holidays with very little or no loss. £35. 'Phone owner, Holborn 3217 or Purley 3192, or write J. R. "Prescot," Kendall Avenue South, Sanderstead, Surrey. Seen in town by appointment.

WHAT offers for first twelve volumes of *The London Mercury*? Ward, "Graystones," Danby, Yorkshire.

ETHICS OF CONDUCT. Tutor and Adviser. Write Box 329, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

SAVE £10 BUYING YOUR NEW CAR. Advertiser, having disposed of old car in part payment for new one not now required, will pay £10 to purchaser of new car (any make listed £280 up) from his dealer, to enable him to complete transaction.—Write BM/EFN, W.C.1.

QUAKERISM. A Christian faith that is experimental without formulated creed or ritual. Information and literature sent free on application to Society of Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

BRITISH SUNBATHING LEAGUE. Outdoor and Indoor Sunbathing, both sexes, German lines. Two charming woodland Sun Parks. Also West End club like Solarium open all year; ultra-violet insolation, exercises, games.—Write Box 143, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

TARTAN travel rugs, all pure wool, 60 by 72in. fringed, 15s. each. Lighter weight 10s. 6d. List of clans on application. Midlothian Woollen Mills, Slateford, Scotland.

PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, DIRECT FROM THE SHETLANDS. All kinds of Woollies hand-knitted for you personally by expert native knitters, from the lovely real Shetland wool. Nothing else is so soft, so light, so comfortable. The newest, most fashionable styles, plain, or in the famous "Fair-Isle" patterns. At Shetland prices, far less than shop prices—Wool prices are rising considerably, so order now before prices of knitted Woollies rise.—Write for Free Illustrated Booklet, Wm. D. Johnson, S.T.153, Mid-Yell, Shetlands.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free.—Miss Barmby, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE: universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe: extermination guaranteed; from Chemists Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

ANYONE'S Character from Handwriting. Expert analysis. Specimen and 2s.—"Lydia," St. Martin's, Ditchling, Sussex.

ESSENTIAL NEWS

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Special article – May 13 – SECURITY

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